JOHN BULL, APRIL 10, 1926

Vol. XXXIX. No. 1058.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

The Vain Jackdaw.

Æsop's Fables (No. 1).

The Jackdaw, desirous of being elected King of all Birds, decked himself out in the raiment of his beautiful competitors, hoping thereby to hide his own shortcomings, but he failed to deceive the discerning, who, plucking the borrowed plumes from his back, disclosed only a poor Jackdaw.

You need Army Club Tobacco as well as Army Club packing before you get Army Club Quality

Refuse imitations of

Army **Club**

"The Major."

CIGARETTES

10 *for* **6D.** *Plain or Cork Tips* **20** *for* **1/-**

"The last at night as good as the first at morn."

Cavanders Ltd. (Est. 1775) Pioneers of Hygienic Cigarette Packing

TWO BIG BOGIES by A.G.Gardiner

The Gay Spark

The new LONDON MAIL is the gay spark of modern life. It is as up-to-date as the last tick of the clock. It is alive, intriguing, original, candid. If you have not seen it yet you've a treat in store. Get a copy to-day.

LONDON MAIL

The Modern Weekly for Modern People

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Needle puts out Reader's Eye

Miss F. C. HEATH, 2, SLANEY ST., NEWCASTLE, STAFFS., was sitting at home making a rug, when the needle slipped, piercing her eye and blotting out the sight for ever. "John Bull" has forwarded to her a cheque for £125

JOHN BULL PAYS £125

In addition to Home Accidents, "John Bull" provides Benefits on account of FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS, SPORTS, etc. If you have not yet done so sign the registration form below.

108 More Benefits Paid This Week—Total Now 20,236

ACCIDENT BENEFIT— £3 per week.

A few of the Accident Benefits paid this week.

BLAENAVON.—Mrs. C. MILES, 38, King Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. L. WOOD, 65, Salisbury Road, Crookes.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. B. BANN, 5, Aldwarke Road Buildings, Parkgate.
EDGBASTON.—Mrs. P. E. TYERS, 228, Selsey Road.
N. DEVON.—Mrs. M. ALVES, "Kingsley," Appledore.
GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET.—Mrs. A. A. JONES, 3, Beckery Terrace.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. H. SHOESMITH, 5, Shirley Road, Tong Street, Dudley Hill.
EAST HAM.—Mrs. L. PERRETT, 7, Kings Road.
BATTERSEA.—Mrs. L. FRANKLIN, 119, Latchmere Road.
HACKNEY.—Mrs. L. CARVELL, 4, St. Thomas Place, Well Street.
TIPTON.—Mrs. F. BOWEY, 84, Brickhouse Lane, Great Bridge.
ERDINGTON.—Mr. G. PYE, 23, Patteredale Road.
PLUMSTEAD, KENT.—Mrs. C. E. WALKER, 86, Ennis Road.
FERRY HILL, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. F. HARRIGAN, 7, St. Cuthbert Terrace.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. H. WROUGHTON, 76, Stanhope Road, Swadlincote.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. R. S. GELDER, 3, Hafel Road, Darnall.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. R. JOPLING, 24, Beaumont Terrace, Westerhope.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. T. FOWLER, 5, Pant Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. S. MCARTHUR, 285, Cumberland Street.
DARLINGTON.—Mr. A. OLIVER, 20, Coronation Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. L. FRAZER, 66, Prince Albert Street, Crosshill.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. KENNEDY, 4, Bispham Street.
GREENOCK.—Miss J. GALBREATH, 32, West Stewart Street.
CLAPHAM.—Mrs. M. BIST, 10, Ashmole Place, Church Street.
MANSFIELD.—Mrs. A. GREEN, 27, Sookholme Road, Shirebrook.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. M. ROGERS, 5 Baxter Street.
KENDAL RISE.—Mr. J. J. GLENDINNING, 17, Crediton Road.
WEST GREEN.—Mr. A. E. PARKINSON, 52, Graham Road.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. F. WOODWARD, 65, Thomas Street, Packmoor.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. J. BARBOUR, 61, Jute Street.
LASSODIE, FIFE.—Mrs. E. FEATHERS, 24, Fairfield.
LLANSAMLET.—Mrs. A. THOMAS, Carmel Road.
RINGWOOD, HANTS.—Mrs. R. E. CAMERON, "Northfield," Poulner.
GT. YARMOUTH.—Mrs. M. A. COOPER, 16, Victoria Street.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. LEWIS, Old Vicarage Cottage, Westbury-on-Trym.
SNAPE, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. A. M. BLOOMFIELD, Grumford.
BOLTON.—Mrs. M. A. WHITTINGHAM, 113, Bolton Road, Edgworth.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

J.B. 10/4/26.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

J.B. 10/4/26.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT EASTER GIFT OFFER

SEE WHAT YOU GET AND WHAT YOU SAVE!

"JOHN BULL" Lever Filler Pen, fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, 5 years' written guarantee, worth ... 15/-
5/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE, complete with refills ... 2/6

TOTAL VALUE...17/6

You send Gift Voucher, together with P.O. (including Postage) for ... 4/3

YOU SAVE...13/6

Cut out Gift Voucher, pin it to a piece of paper with your name and address, and enclose with P.O. for 4/3. Pocket Clip 3d. extra. Cross Cheque/Postal Order "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL." Address: "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Your name engraved in Gold, 6d. extra. (Write plainly name or initials desired.) State fine, medium or broad Nib.

1/- JOHN BULL'S GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 1/- in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Only one Voucher taken in part payment for each Pen. Available until April 17th, 1926.

The Squire "parts up."

"What, *another* subscription, Padre?" said the Squire. "I tell you what I'll do. By smoking 'Country Life' Cigarettes I save a halfpenny on every packet of ten, because they're only 5½d. instead of the usual sixpence, though they're a rattling good smoke. That saving amounts to at least a couple of guineas a year, so you can put my name down for that amount."

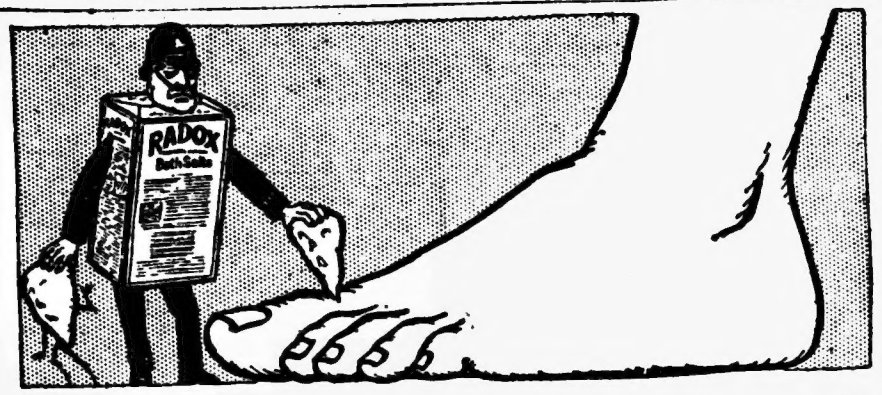
"Good, and—thanks, I will," said the Vicar.

Player's "Country Life" Cigarettes

5½d for 10 CORK TIPS

"Country Life" Tobacco—Mild and Medium, 1/- per oz.
White Label, 10½d. per oz.

CL 40



Corns *removed gently and rapidly*

You may have suffered with corns for years, but Radox Salts will still end them, no matter how often you may have despaired of being free of the agonising pain. Radox Salts remove the most obstinate corn completely. A few Radox footbaths so soften the corn that you are able to lift it clean out – root and all. Read this unsolicited letter:—

"I have had two or three troublesome corns for nearly twenty years, and have tried most of the ordinary paints and plasters without much success or relief, but now RADOX IS GENTLY BUT RAPIDLY REMOVING THEM. *Incidentally, it has undoubtedly improved the blood circulation in the feet, and thus warded off chilblain discomforts during the recent weather."* W.L.H.

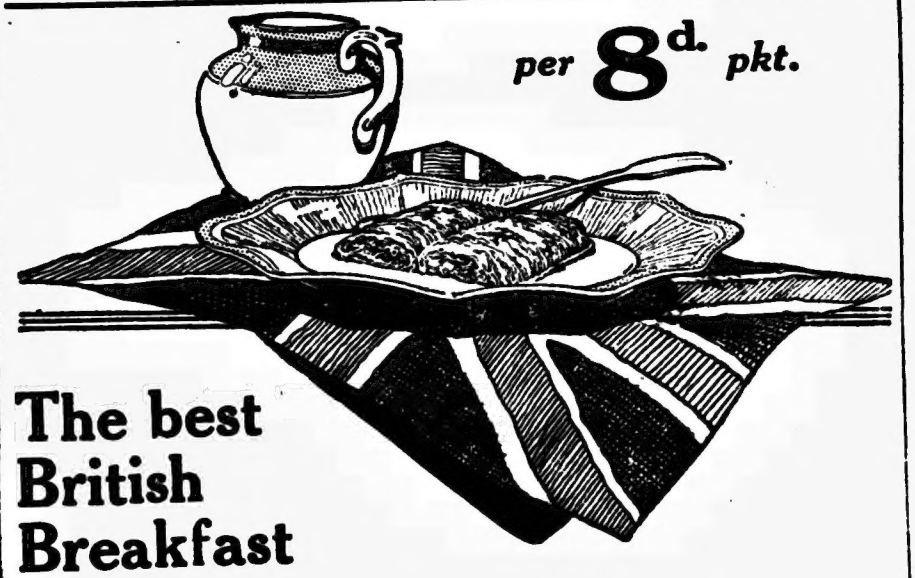
January 23rd, 1926.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."



per **8d.** *pkt.*

The best British Breakfast

Shredded Wheat now comes to you crisp and fresh from the wonderful new factory at rural Welwyn Garden City. Not only is it the finest food you can eat—it is also British, and the more you buy the more you help to keep British workers employed.

Shredded Wheat provides the *whole* wheat in a perfectly pure and digestible form. Every shred is 100% food—every "biscuit" builds, nourishes and imparts energy. That is why it is good for everybody. And everybody enjoys it! Ready to serve—no cooking.

SHREDDED WHEAT

"It's all in the Shreds."

The last word in toffee SHARP'S Super-Kreem 6D. per ¼lb

POUNDS REDUCTION ON EVERY BIKE

MY NEW LISTS show astonishing reductions in prices of Coventry's best bikes. Small deposit gets any model on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE LISTS showing biggest and best selection of bikes

O'Brien Ltd. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEPT. 9 COVENTRY.

From 2/- WEEKLY

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 5/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all - - - **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form

J. B. THORNE & Co
96 LANGHAM ST., LONDON, W.1.

TRYER

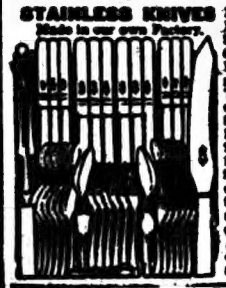
EASY TERMS
Without Cover 5/- deposit and 3/8 per month for 12 months. With Cover 4/- deposit and 4/8 per month for 12 months.

TRYER & CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 23), 60/61, Chiswell Street, London, E.C. 1.

GREAT SALE
For a short period only our famous No. 6 model with automatic bobbin winder, automatic shuttle lifter, automatic tension release, stitch regulator, inlaid inch measure, box of accessories and illustrated book of instructions will be delivered carriage paid to your door at the following reduced cash prices:—
Without Cover, reduced from £8.8.0 to £7/6.
With Cover, reduced from £8.15.0 to £7/6.
Money refunded if not satisfied. Write for Catalogues of other models and other Bargains on Easy Terms.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

STAINLESS KNIVES
Made in our own Factory.



1 or Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorite handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives, 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Sifter, 1 Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Colombian Silver which wears white throughout. 60 pieces 56/- Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, and 5/- monthly, if satisfied.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

Be Smart

Wear our Latest Design in Bar Shoes. New shades of leather. Patent, Tan, Champagne and Grey. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7.

State size and shade required.

Send Postal Order for **10/3** POST FREE.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MASON & BAINES,
Boot & Shoe Manufacturers,
3, Bridge St., Sunderland, Co. Durham.

FLOOR COVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof. Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick & Concrete Floors. Lies flat without any fastening.

2/- per sq. yard. Carr. Paid to your door.

SEND NOW FOR FREE SAMPLES.

Also Special Rug List containing many Wonderful Bargains.

CHAS. JONES & SON
(Dept. J.B.),
92, TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

RELIABLE HEAD-PHONES

Lightweight (4,000 ohms), with adjustable magnets, best nickel plate and leather head-bands. Full rich tone.

5/9 Post and Packing: 6d.

CRYSTAL SET IN MAHOGANY CABINET.
With plug for loading coil and variometer tuned. All parts beautifully nickel plated, enclosed detector with sensitive crystal. Good results up to 25 miles. Post and Packing, 6d.

6/9

ARDING & HOBBS, Ltd.,
Clapham Junction, S.W.11.

Peach's 1926 CURTAIN BOOK FREE
Superb Book 120 Pages, 500 Illustrations

WINDOW DRESSERS KNOWLES DIFFUSANT STYLES. Greatest Production Colour Scheme. Satisfying Results. Send to-day. Hospital ART SILK & FABRIC CURTAINS. IMPERIAL SILK Lace Curtains. Fashion JULIET SILK. Colour Angel CASEMENTS. MUSLINS. GROSVENOR, ROLLER BLINDS. LACES, Etc. Unique Value.

THE NEW TRIUMPH PARCEL **22/6**

6 pairs Curtains, one design, rich all lace, assorted 3 pairs 3 yds. long, 60 ins. wide. Usual 30/- pair, and 3 pairs same length, 3½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide, White or Ecru. Our Famous Value. We were first with Ideal Parcels from the Looms. To-day's Record Value. Cash Paid

22/6

S. PEACH & SONS, 181, The Lacemen, Nottingham

GOOD NEWS from IRELAND.

GENUINE ALL-WOOL DONEGAL SUITING & COSTUME TWEEDS.

3/9 per yard. 58 ins. wide.

No Duty to Pay. Best Value in Europe.

PATTERNS FREE.

Address—Dept. J.B.,
DUBLIN WOOLLEN CO.,
BACHELOR'S WALK, DUBLIN.
Established 1881.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

We offer you the finest value in the trade.

From **7/6** per week

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to obtain with your entire satisfaction, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We deliver the Garment on receipt of first payment. Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 84/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

CHINA TEA

DIRECT FROM SHIP TO TEAPOT. Save Intermediate Profits.

CHOICE BLACK LEAF CONGOU **2/-** per lb.

Highly recommended by Doctors.

5 lb. Parcel	...	10/6
10 lb. "	...	20/-
20 lb. Chest	...	40/-
1 lb. Sample	...	2/6

Cash with Order. Carriage Paid
Write for List. (Estb. 30 years).

R. STIMSON & Co.
49, Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C.3

FREEMANS
Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Sports and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Watches, Jewellery, Blankets, Curtains, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Also a regular employment agency of long standing.

Large stock of all kinds. Largest supply of Bankrupt Stock in London.

Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency only.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

THE BOLTON

From 1/6 per week or 6/- per month

Direct from Factory.

2/6 DEPOSIT
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
Carr. Paid on approval from
£2:17:6
Cash or Credit.
Write for fully illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

S. BOLTON, 408, Kingsland Rd., E.8

FINEST VALUE SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves semi-Folding Cab is the embodiment of lightness, strength and comfort. It has Timber Wheels, Patent Adjustable Hood, Reversible Back, Rubber-tired sides, and many other handy extras. Upholstered in Rexine, Price 84/-

Leatherette covers, with fly sheets, 12/- extra.

Carriage paid to any address within 20 miles of Sheffield. Money refunded in full if not satisfied.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

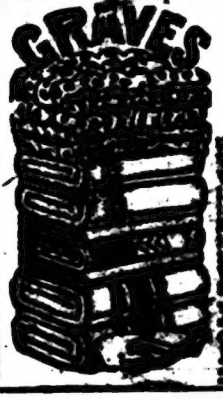
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

£1 down secures this set!

Send £1 with this Coupon & 7/6 Deposit—remainder payable by 12 Monthly Instalments of 7/6. Carriage Paid. Cash Refunded if not satisfied after 7 days' Free Trial. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

New Times SALES CO.,
84, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

GRAVES BARGAIN BEDDING SALE



Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

10/- NOW

BULLETS £1 WINNERS:

(*Continued from page 39*)

Miss F. Fanshawe, 28, Park St., Bath.
N. Ferguson, 23, Thomson Av., Johnstone, N.B.
A. E. Fisher, 12, Frederica Rd., Chingford, E.
C. Gamble, 62, Hill Side, Lenton, Nottingham.
F. J. Garton, 35, Poplar Mount, Belvedere, Kent.
B. George, 107, Caledon Rd., East Ham, London, E
Miss B. Gr ffin, 40, High St., Budleigh Salterton.
H. C. Griffiths, "Avondale," Slaney Rd., Walsall.
J. W. Gumbrell, 2, Ranelagh Rd., Winchester.
A. Guthrie, Victoria Bldgs., Muirkirk, N.B.
J. V. Hardy, 10, Dale St., Edgeley, Stockport.
Miss L. Hawksford, 4, Victoria Pl., Cheltenham.
H. H. Hope, 3, Gatewarth St., Warrington, Lancs.
H. Howarth, 25, Range Bank, Halifax, Yorks.
P. W. Hunt, 4, Cornbore' Pl., Bridgwater, Som.
W. G. Hunt, 34, Silk St., Bradford, Yorks.
A. Hutchings, 49, Central Av., Longbridge, Northfield.
G. W. Insley, Bk. 71, Gilbey Rd., Grimsby.
O. Jenkins, Sandrock, Haywards Heath, Sussex.
A. Jobson, 9, Heath Rd., Crayford, Kent.
Mrs. A. Johns, 11, Clifton St., Plymouth.
A. Johnson, 16, Wye St., Middlesbrough.
G. Johnstone, Sanatorium, Whiteabbey, Belfast.
Rev. S. A. Jones, Gwpraylt Vicarage, Wrexham.
Mrs. A. Jones, 37, Court St., Tonypandy, S. Wales
J. J. Jupe, Rose Cottage, West Bank, Barking.
W. Kelsey, Bourne, Brimscombe, Stroud, Glos.
Mrs. R. Kent, 141, London Rd., Sth. Lowestoft.
T. A. King, 35, Dover St., Belfast.
Miss G. Knight, 60, Llanishen St., Heath, Cardiff.
T. H. Lewis, 14, St. Mary St., Cardiff.
R. Lunt, 2, Queen's Av., Sandycroft, Chester.
J. W. Macgowan, Station Sawmills, Kelso, N.B.
J. McMurray, 8, Vere St., Keppochhill, Glasgow.
J. H. Marshall, 47, Riverside Rd., Norwich.
E. Mash, 24, Provence St., Islington, London, N.
F. C. Mathers, 56, Frostons Rd., Workington.
H. Mayhew, 28, The Priory, Park Rd., Hampton Wick.
L. V. Merlin, 100, Brecknock Rd., Camden Town, N.
W. J. Nunn, Fort Clarence, Rochester, Kent.
G. E. Pearson, 21, Bensery St., Cambridge.
B. Pickard, High Cross Inn, Broughton-in-Furness.
J. H. Porter, 310, Stretford Rd., Manchester.
Mrs. S. A. Rees, 3, Stanley St., Cwmfelinfach, Mon.
A. Renshaw, 52, Lynn St., Oldham, Lancs.
A. Richards, Works Lane, Barnstone, Notts.
C. M. Rose, 11, Leyden Gdns., Glasgow.
G. Ruston, 19, Addington St., Dewsbury Rd., Leeds.
Miss D. Scott, 75, Mildmay Rd., Romford, Essex.
M. Simon, 6, Thornfield Rd., Middlesbrough.
E. Sims, 114, Palmer St., Hyde Park, Doncaster.
H. W. Stallard, 14, Amelia Terr., Llwynypia.
H. Storey, The Gardens, Briery Close, Windermere.
R. Taylor, 34, Falkland Rd., Kentish Town, N.W.
R. Tompsett, 18, Cadogan Rd., Walton, L'pool.
H. Tylar, 64, Ettington Rd., Aston, B'ham.
Miss Urquhart, 7, M.Qtrs., Llanion Bks., Pembroke.
J. Vernon, 18, May St., Newcastle, Staffs
J. Weaketh, Lee Rd., Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
R. West, 4, Mandeley Rd., Well Hall, Eltham.
Mrs. E. Wheatley, 107, Willow Park, Pontefract.
H. Wheatley, 36, Albion St., Crowland, Lincs.
C. Whitehead, 18, Tattersall Rd., Litherland.
J. H. Wigglesley, Lyndale, Cheqo, nr. Wrexham.
A. E. Williams, "Eldorado," Elm Rd., Romford, Essex.
W. A. Wilson, 14, Stockwell Gate, Mansfield, Notts.
L. F. Winpenny, 11, Springdale St., Huddersfield.
Mrs. L. Winship, "Codicote," Evesham Rd., Reigate.
F. Woodward, 14, Victory Rd., Wendover, Bucks.
J. Wynn, 29, North Terr., Loftus-in-Cleveland.
H. Yates, 71, Fairgrave Rd., Gt. Yarmouth.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 886 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 886.

OUR PEOPLE	WHEN I BET
A WHITE MAN	TOO BAD
THE LATEST	WHAT NEWLYWED
TIME TO STRIKE	SAID
WITH REGRET	NOT ON THE MENU
SAID TO THE	MOTORING
VISITOR	IN THE SPRING
SANDY'S SAXPENCE	GOLDEN RULE
A BIT OFF	SLICE OF LUCK
WOMAN AT HOME	BY POCKET
BOXING CHAMPION	WHAT IS A DEBT?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 22. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 886 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 886, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.) Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. 886.

The Completed Puzzle

S	T	R	O	V	E		S	P	A	R	S	E		
S	H	E	A	R	S		A	W	O	T	A	N		
H	A	R	N	E	S	S	T	I	L	L	A	G	E	
A	P	E	D		P	A	G	A	N		L	I	L	T
D	E	N		G	A	Y	E	M	N	E		N	E	T
E		C	U	E		A		P	O	E	L			
D	W	E	L	L		A	R	C		I	S	S	U	E
			C	L	O	G		A	N	T	I	T		
B	O	H	E	A		A	C	T		A	E	G	I	S
L		E	R	R		U		P	R	E				
A	L	P		S	A	B	B	A	T	H		N	A	P
S	O	A	P		L	O	A	T	H		R	I	M	
T	O	T	A	L	L	Y		L	E	G	A	T	E	
S	P	I	T	E		N		A		A	P	A	R	T
		S	C	H	E	M	E		S	U	B	T	L	Y

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue. This week's Cross-word puzzle is on page 6.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 8, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.J., High Street, Manchester.

WONDERFUL VALUE for shopkeepers and beginners in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illus. Cat. Free. S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 68, Houndsditch, E.1.

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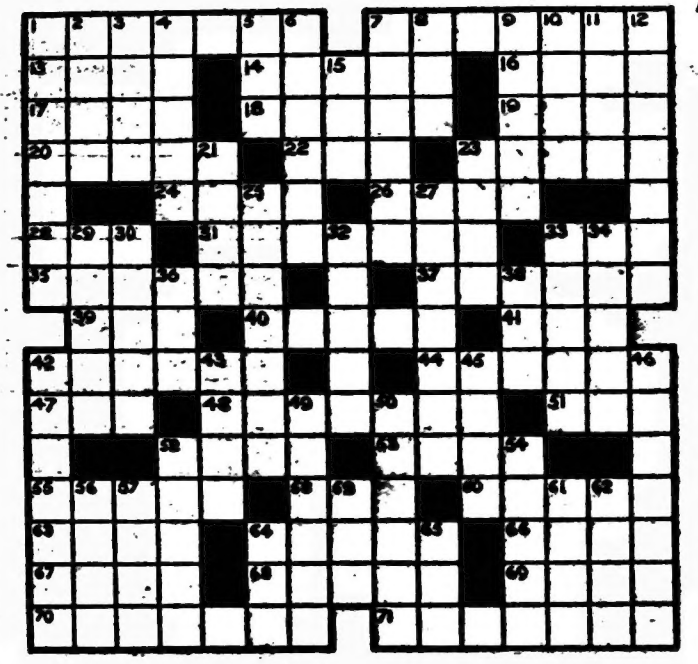

ACROSS CLUES

1. A pharmacist.
7. Ghost.
13. Conceal.
14. Wrathful.
16. Musical work.
17. Above.
18. Spring flower.
19. Bars.
20. Apostle of Bolshevism.
22. Liable.
23. Young soldier.
24. Collection of houses.
26. Talk familiarly.
28. Male sheep.
31. Cuts.
33. Equal.
35. Lover.
37. Stay behind.
39. Two.
40. Most sensible.
41. Craft.
42. Cull.
44. To charge.
47. To tot up.
48. Brave woman.
51. Coy.
52. Town in Cornwall.
53. An S-like moulding.
58. Notice of danger.
59. To ramble.
60. A play.
63. Naked.
64. Foundation.
66. Used for baking.
67. A potion.
68. French river.
69. Second dignitary of a diocese.
70. Deserved.
71. Earnestly.

DOWN CLUES

1. Eastern disease.
2. A box for bees.
3. Paradise.
4. Worth.
5. Be silent.
6. Withdrawing from duty.
7. Sew.
8. Gimlet.
9. Equivocating.
10. Trembling.
11. Be obscure.
12. Orientate.
15. Mountain.
21. Not out.
23. Variation of tennis.
25. Yahn.
27. Common fish.
29. Totalled.
30. Earth.
32. Division of Parliament.
33. French capital.
34. A letter of the alphabet.
36. Fallow deer.
38. Insane.
42. Very wicked.
43. A fish.
45. Wattle.
46. Obstruction.
49. Recover.
50. Healing lotion.
52. Support of life.
54. To eat away.
56. Indoor game.
57. British port on Arabian coast.
59. Donkey.
61. To declare.
62. Powdered grain.
64. A sack.
65. Large expanse of water.

The solution to last week's Cross-word puzzle is on page 4.

STRAIGHTFORWARD OFFER TO READERS OF JOHN BULL

Free!

10,000 FREE samples of this PROVED remedy for

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis

—thousands cured

Absolutely free of all charge we offer two days' supply of "Napoleon" Cough-Cure Powders. This old and tried remedy gives immediate relief. Hundreds of grateful patients have written letters similar to this from Mrs. Golder, 91, Benwell Road, Holloway, N. (27/11/25): "I found your Cough Powders very good indeed and gave relief quicker than any other cough cure I have tried."

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"NAPOLEON" Cough Cure Powders

From all Chemists, 1/6

Send this COUPON *to-day for a* FREE *supply*

to H. R. Napp Ltd., 3-4, Clements Inn, W.C.2. Please send me, free and without obligation, by return of post, two days' supply of "Napoleon" Cough Cure Powders.

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Address _____

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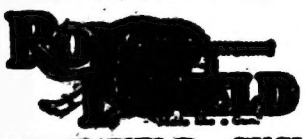

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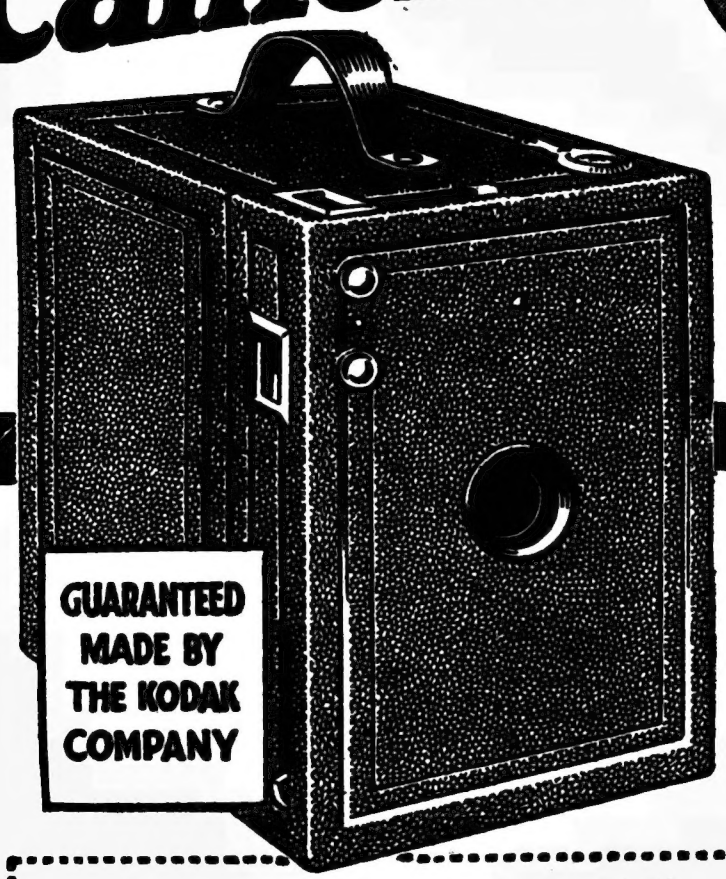

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Mr. Baldwin Safe.
All rumours notwithstanding, Mr. Baldwin is safe in the saddle. Sir Austen Chamberlain's bad break at Geneva has put him out of the running.

Back up Baldwin.
While the coal issue is in the balance, all men of goodwill must realise the extreme importance of solidly backing the Prime Minister in his simple pledge—to carry out the Coal Commission's report if owners and miners accept it too.

In Leash.
The Coal Report was a stiff dose for some Ministers. Mr. Baldwin won his way by the argument that for the Government to be the first to block the road would bring shame on them. The same consideration has influenced the miners' leaders.

No Haggling.
Most is feared from the coal-owners, who have never shown themselves particularly sensitive to public odium. To confuse the issue by bargaining is to let loose the forces of conflict. Whoever does that is the public enemy.

Lost!
In 1913, the quantity of British coal exported to Russia was 5,988,434 tons. In 1924, the quantity of British coal exported to Russia had dropped to 37,650 tons. That's what war reparations have done for the coal trade.

Light and Power.
Most exhilarating was the Electricity Bill debate with which the Commons earned their Easter holiday. War Estimates, cheeseparings and Geneva messes are dismal dishes. From destruction and misconstruction the House passed into the bracing air of reconstruction.

Ease the Burden.
The Government, pledged to deal with the economic situation, has done nothing to lighten the load of the taxpayer. We are tired of being fed with promises. We want performance.

Precept *v.* Practice.
It's popular to preach economy; less popular to practise it. Governments seldom set the pace. The reason is not far to seek. They are not handling money which is their own.

Money Sense.
Money spent by the Government is taxed from the people first. When taxpayers show as much vigilance regarding expenditure as tax-gatherers show in collecting, a better financial policy will come about.

Churchill's Calculation.
"The British Chancellor of the Exchequer and his successors will have to pay to the United States £10,000 a day, every day, for the next three generations." If that doesn't teach the man in the street what war lets him in for, he is hopeless.

Larnin' 'Em.
Odourless, invisible gas to contaminate large areas of the earth can now be "effectively distributed by bombs." Afterwards anyone entering the zone will be rendered helplessly blind. It will be well for the peoples to learn peace now. After the "next war" there will be nobody left to learn.

Still Hope.
More than fifty nations signed the Geneva Protocol, thereby expressing a desire for international arbitration and disarmament. What's wanted now is a fresh confession of faith. "We believe in the sincerity of our peoples that what they pledge themselves to they mean."

It's Pathetic.
Of the 2,500 lads discharged from prison during last year, only 847 were placed in work. *What became of the rest?* It is a question no responsible member of the community should leave unanswered.

A Good Lead.
During the twelve months ending November 9, Marylebone and Paddington Advisory Committee for Juvenile Unemployment placed 2,729 boys and 1,885 girls in occupations. Prevention is better than cure. If a boy is healthily occupied he doesn't drift to crime.

Amend It.
Tired of waiting for the Ministry of Health to move, Borough Councils are determined to enforce the food regulations themselves. Their sensible belief is that the regulations were made to be enforced.

Dirty Meat.
Butchers offending will find war waged against them by local medical officers. Dr. Clark Trotter, of Islington, is taking up case after case and prosecuting. In view of the spread of epidemics and the danger to health of exposed food his example must be followed.

Food Facts.
By selling milk in "pint" bottles which hold less, reports the Food Commission, one milk firm makes by short measure extra profit of £1,400 a year. There's the case for a short, sharp Act to punish profiteers.

Life in the Old Dog.
Sir Arthur Balfour's Committee investigating British industry reports that between 1881 and 1921 the numbers employed in coal-mining rose from 500,000 to 1,300,000, and in engineering numbers grew from 900,000 to 2,500,000. This is a hard nut for Britain's detractors to crack.

Are You a Number "6" Man?

Read "Cheiro," the great seer, on Lucky Numbers in "The People" next Sunday.

Drift and Danger.
In agriculture and building the process is reversed. Agriculture, during the same period, employs 200,000 fewer persons, and building trade workers dwindle by 250,000. In view of the need, and the unemployment, it's a tragic waste of opportunity.

Overdue.
The Government's Food Bill, we are assured, is to be introduced immediately after the recess. It will give full effect to the recommendations of the Commission. Since the measure is not likely to be controversial, we look for its speedy passage. Wholesale robbery has had too long a run.

What a Picture!
Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., points out that during a discussion as to the colour of the stripes to be worn by naval officers over fifty Government supporters sat the debate through; but when the unemployment insurance was under discussion only three Tories put in an appearance!

Breakers Ahead.
There is trouble brewing between the trade unions concerned and the builders of steel houses. We had hoped that public need would outweigh every other consideration, but it seems this is not to be. Meanwhile, disease and immorality flourish in overcrowded slums.

Materialistic.
The plan to convert London by electric sky signs is badly conceived. The best advertisement of the Gospel is a Christian living it in practice. That's what advocates of hammering in goodness with sledge-hammers always forget.

An Easter Gift.
Tokio Municipality has sent to the London County Council a thousand Japanese plants and trees to help to make our parks more beautiful. That's the right sort of internationalism. May the flowers flourish like the friendship they're intended to cement!

An Apple a Day.
Australian apples, picked fresh from the trees five weeks ago, are arriving in this country by shiploads. It's a fact for housewives to remember when shopping, and a form of "buying British" that kiddies will approve.

The Nearer the Slower.
Belgian produce put on boat trains from Harwich gets to London quicker than Spalding stuff can do. It's a poor sort of encouragement for home growers. Can't the Ministry of Transport set it right?

Perennial Pests.
Scotland Yard warns racegoers. Crowds of alien and other sharpers are arriving for the season. Forewarned should be forearmed. But why on earth were these pests allowed to land?

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Society's Outcasts.

With the advent of spring—the season of hope—the seats on the Thames Embankment are filling up again with human derelicts. Each of these huddled forms is a living bill of indictment against our boasted civilisation.

Foolish Policy.

Mr. Mackinder, the Socialist member for Shipley, is of opinion that the imprisonment of the Communists has won more adherents to the cause than they themselves could have converted had they remained at liberty. We are inclined to agree. Make a martyr of a fool and even wise men will be tempted to follow him.

April Fool Economy.

As from April 1 the allowance in lieu of rations for Army officers and certain non-commissioned ranks serving at home has been reduced from 1s. 8d. to 1s. 7d. a day. The only appropriate thing about this petty instalment of War Office "economy" is the date on which it came into force!

The Supreme Test.

After an explosion in which several of the crew were disabled the Grimsby trawler *Salmonby* sank off the Spurn, with the loss of ten lives. In a splendid effort to save their injured mates this gallant band of British seamen made the supreme sacrifice. It needs no war to prove the valour of our race.

Prevention or Cure.

Mr. C. T. Cramp, of the National Union of Railwaymen, pointed out to the London Commercial Club the supreme folly of waiting for a great crisis before seeking a solution to our industrial problems. In short, he advocates common-sense scientific methods as opposed to political juggling.

Contemptuous.

When sixteen trade unions put forward their claim to an increase in wages, the London engineering employers met them with a blank refusal, moderated by no alternative offer or a considered and detailed reply. It is such high-handed treatment that is responsible for most of the Labour unrest, and those guilty of such folly should be brought smartly to book.

A Good Precept.

At Mold, Robert Cecil Nott, a printer's assistant of Park Street, Denbigh, was fined £4 16s. for trying to kiss a girl clerk in a railway compartment. As soon as the train from Chester to Ruthin pulled out of the station he began his attack which lasted, with struggles, until the train stopped. Natural chivalry should prompt any young man to protect, not hurt a girl.

Strike at the Root.

The Home Secretary is said to be considering some remission of the sentences passed upon a number of Ammanford miners for riotous behaviour during the recent anthracite dispute. Better still would be a root-and-branch investigation into the conditions which provoked these violent outbursts. Causes, not symptoms, are the wise physician's main concern.

A Wonderful Cure.

Mr. Julien Cahn, a local philanthropist, has set up a sun-ray clinic for the poor of Nottingham. It cures sleepy sickness. Victims who could neither speak, stand, nor walk have been successfully treated and are well on their way to become normal citizens. Private enterprise has shown the way. The Ministry of Health must follow.

Ban on Buns.

The picturesque Welsh café by the Bala boating station is a favourite resort of tourists, for whom it has proved a real blessing, especially during week-ends. The local ratepayers' association has decided that, on ethical grounds, it must hereafter remain closed on Sundays. Though the name of Bala seems to conjure up a countryside dotted with sheep, this action of its inhabitants suggests the manger of the long-eared ass.

Savages.

To snare wild birds in an open space like Epping Forest and sell them into captivity in gloomy Poplar is the act of savages. Three men have just been taught by fines that this form of cruelty yields a loss. We congratulate the keepers of Epping Forest on their vigilance in guarding the birds whose songs uplift the heart of the jaded Londoner.

The Pity of It.

With £50,000 around her, with sacks and tins of money hoarded, Clara Alice Jones, an old woman of seventy-four, lived in rags and poverty in Rice Street, Manchester, until she died miserably and untended, and the police broke open her doors. Money, as a means of happy human exchange, brings life. To Miss Jones it brought the worst form of death, the extinction of a soul. That is the tragedy of every miser and recluse.

A Risky Game.

"Please excuse the liberty, but I want to know if you can assist me to find a young man" is the appeal of a London girl in a letter enclosing her photo to the Mayor of Plymouth. Tickled by the application he has pinned the picture to the mayoral parlour wall and invites young men to seek particulars. Those who try to turn public officials into matrimonial agents are best ignored. The risk of turning joke to tragedy is far too real.

One Up for Us.

Captain Basil Henriques, Warden of St. George's Settlement in the East End of London, makes clear the difference between American "class justice" and the kind obtaining here. In America punishment is made to fit the crime and not the criminal; in England the aim is to protect the criminal and make him into a social asset. It's a good aim, but to carry it to a successful issue a lot of penal reform is needed yet.

The Human Machine

One Who Won

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HAVE just received a letter from a man who has "got there." Years of striving—and now, at last, success.

He is a journalist, and it so happens that I have been able to give him, from time to time, a helping hand.

I could do very little—merely some honest and outspoken criticism of his work, and a few words of encouragement and advice.

Now he says that I am responsible for his success. I, on the other hand, say that I had little or nothing to do with it.

The secret of his success was work—hard, plodding work. Nothing was too much trouble; he was never satisfied with what he had done.

However good it was he always believed that he could do better, and he never rested until he had done better.

No eight-hour day for him! He worked! He worked all day, and if necessary worked half the night as well.

He also had supreme confidence in himself and his abilities. He believed that he could do what he had set out to achieve—and who dare deny it, believing that he was halfway there?

AND, lastly, he loved his work for its own sake. Even the prize of success was a secondary consideration with him.

He was proud of his work when it was good; he was disgusted with himself when his work fell below the standard he considered it should have reached.

I need not elaborate this simple story. It is a piece of fact that bears out all I have said in these articles.

Hard work is still the golden secret of success.

A Cruel Blunder.

Llanwynnda cemetery at Fishguard is situate on a hill, and when bereaved relatives and friends had climbed its steep side they were amazed to find the gates locked. The family grave not having been opened, they had to dig one themselves before she whom they loved and had lost could be interred. Someone's blunder and neglect added to their sorrow.

Cheap Limbs.

For failing to fence machinery at Ponty steel works, Messrs. Baldwins, Ltd., were fined at Pontypool police court £20. A poor lad, Thomas Bassett, was caught by the whirling wheels, his right arm was torn off and he also lost a finger of his left hand. If, through carelessness, a firm does not comply with factory regulations this ridiculous fine of £20 will not enforce it.

The Narrow View.

The world is far from perfect, we know; but when Dr. Smith, the Bishop of Hereford, spouts about wholesale retrogression and the ethics of the jungle he is talking through his episcopal hat. Like others of his kidney, he is judging mankind in general by the monkey-antics of a degenerate or two. Don't any of these erudite Jeremiahs ever read history?

Brave but Modest.

Brave enough to dive into a shark-infested sea and rescue a passenger, Drummer F. W. Weston, of the liner *Windsor Castle*, was so shy at the presentation to him of a medal and a cheque that he sidled out of the room. His employers, the Union Castle Line, presented the cheque, so that we are sure this plucky drummer is appreciated alike by comrades and officers. They know where to look when they are in need of a man for promotion.

The Modern Miracle.

On her homeward voyage the Canadian Pacific liner *Montclare* received an urgent wireless appeal from the liner *Nacoya*. A surgeon was needed to attend a passenger about to become a mother. A competent surgeon wirelessed explicit instructions, and two hours later, while the *Nacoya* was still 100 miles from help, the baby was safely born. The day of miracles is not past. The help wirelessed from the one liner to the other proves it.

The Way to Peace.

When he suggested that some men screw every possible penny out of their businesses, and are not concerned about the conditions for the workers in their mills and workshops, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree applied the hammer squarely to the head of the nail. Before the Home Secretary introduces the Factory Bill he must realise the truth of this charge. Legislation compelling improved conditions will be a stride along the road towards permanent industrial peace.

A Skunk.

The Willesden Guardians sought to recover maintenance for an aged woman from her son, upon which the ungrateful and shameless fellow claimed exemption on the grounds that he was illegitimate. The magistrate poured scorn upon him for advertising this fact, especially when the mother who bore him was sick and in need. Our only regret is that we do not know the mean skunk's name, so that we might warn the neighbours whom to avoid.

A Fair Deal.

"We have no labour troubles here," declared an employee of Messrs. Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., Hull; "there is complete understanding between capital and labour." Also there is fair dealing. The directors have just allocated £80,000 from last year's profits to be shared among 6,000 workers, the third similar windfall in three years. Moreover, positions go by merit only; employees in lowly positions who show ability can mount to the highest posts. Money talks, but impartiality tells.

Milk Cheaters.
Short weight and measure frauds are rampant everywhere. At Portsmouth, where the scandal is being vigorously tackled by the local authorities, the inspector of weights and measures reports that "very few customers in the borough get full measure." When are we to have that Government Bill?

Silly Stunt.
After leaving her clothing on Portobello beach, and a letter hinting at secret worries and a hope that her little ones would forget her and be taken care of by some good woman, Mrs. Dorothy Shepherd, of Aberdeen, has returned home. She admits the "suicide" was a hoax arranged to annoy her husband and give trouble to the police. For the sake of the children she must change her tactics. There are responsibilities attached to motherhood which she doesn't seem to have learned.

Frenzied Financiers.
Because the managers of Dunstable Council School bought a few odds and ends for 27s. off their own bat, the Finance Committee of Bedford Education Authorities are in a state of frenzy. The school managers saved money on all these direct purchases. A shilling poker, for instance, would have cost another 7½d. in postage, apart from filling in a form. We advise the Finance Committee to chew the cud of these unfilled forms and cultivate sagacity instead of acting the goat.

Jeremiah's Cant.
Southend is set by the ears by the unwarrantable utterances of Mr. L. V. Rogers, secretary of the Free Church Council in that place. He wants to lay by the heels Sunday trading, theatres, touting, and licences. In other words, Christians are invited to pray that Southend may become a dreary dismalness, with no pleasure for trippers who get their hard-earned week-end there. The deputy-mayor, Alderman R. Tweedy Smith, who is especially indignant, need have no fear. Jeremiahs are not popular to-day.

Scandal Lunatics.
Decent people will sympathise with Percival James Spencer, of Bristol, unable to bury his dead without interference from malicious tongues. So many rumours went round that the police had no choice but to stop the funeral of his wife and order a post-mortem inquest. Then it was found that Mrs. Spencer died quietly from natural causes. We disagree with the coroner, who, while expressing deep detestation of the scandalisers, says there is no remedy in such a case. The remedy is to run the first offender to earth and sue him or her for damages for slander.

'Ware!
Readers should beware of a man who is calling at flats and tenements offering coal at a rate below that charged by responsible dealers. So plausible is he that he has succeeded repeatedly in obtaining deposits or payment in advance, though the goods are never delivered. He chanced twice upon Mrs. Joyce, a septuagenarian widow, who had moved from one set of rooms into another at Peabody Buildings, Westminster. The old lady made a plucky, though ineffectual, attempt to detain the mean rascal. We trust that the next time he is spotted it will be by a hefty young man who knows how to use his fists.

Where They Go To.
Absconding husbands, the terrible number of whom is baffling the metropolitan police, are finding safe refuge in Canada. Once in the Dominions they may safely defy every law that holds them responsible and leave their families at the mercy of the poor law, chargeable to the ratepayers of this country. Mr. Gerald Harrison, M.P. for the Bodmin Division of Cornwall, is urging the Government to make an endeavour to get the Dominion to come within the scope of the Maintenance Orders (Facilities for Enforcement) Act. It applies to other parts of the Empire; it must be made to apply to Canada.

A Splendid Sequel.
A few weeks ago we revealed, for the first time, the recent activities of a dangerous drug-fiend named George Glanville Hope-Johnstone, a scion of the aristocracy. In denouncing his impudent activities in regard to the drug-traffic we asked the question—"Why is he not brought to book?" A day or two later Hope-Johnstone was arrested, and was last week sentenced to five months' imprisonment for obtaining drugs by forged medical prescriptions. Thus publicity scores again!

"Horrible."
When prosecuting a greengrocer's assistant, Stephen Chapman, for permitting overcrowding, the Town Clerk of Fulham stated that the man, his wife and nine children were pigging together in one room. "Too horrible for animals!" gasped Mr. Cousins, and adjourned the summons for a month so that alternative accommodation might be found. But where is the poor fellow likely to get it in a country which regards its kiddies as "encumbrances"?

Clare's Canadian Catch.
We have often found it necessary to refer to the activities of a gentleman named N. M. Clare, of 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1, who used to run the Universal Correspondence Club. Now our attention has been called to an advertisement appearing in a Canadian newspaper, which states that "British Girls seek Canadian correspondents. Proposition 10 cents." The danger of such announcements cannot be exaggerated, and the fact that this one has emanated from Clare, at his old address, shows that he has not quite dropped his old games.

Clempert's Cool Cheek.
"It is better to be born lucky than rich," declares our old friend, John Clempert, of 8, Nelson Street, Oxford Road, Manchester, and forthwith proceeds to tell prospective clients how they have been selected by him for an award of "£5 in cash, or value in goods, or valuable ideas to that amount." All one has to do to qualify for this award is to forward 7s. 6d. to John, who declares that he will send a "Sample Bargain Parcel" immediately, whilst the "selected award" will follow under separate cover. We advise our readers to let this offer slide.

Missing Mr. Mills.
A Durham reader forwarded £2 to William Mills, "Maker Up and Wholesale Merchant," of 55, Watergate Row, Chester, for certain drapery goods. The goods were not sent, but Mr. Mills was ever ready to meet his client's enquiries with excuses. At first he said he had been very busy, but finally declared that the goods had been sent by rail. He wrote to say that he would go to the station to see what had caused the delay. A note from us to Mr. Mills has been returned through the post office marked "Gone away," so we are afraid our Durham reader must count his £2 as lost.

A Phantom Bureau.
Numerous complaints are reaching us from readers who have subscribed 5s. to the Gordon Employment Bureau, of 39-40, Regent House, Regent Street, W. Instead of being offered employment they have all received letters from the British Service Association at the same address, stating that it has taken over the business of the Gordon Employment Bureau, but is not operating in the same capacity. It offers, however, to "render valuable assistance" to employment-seekers on receipt of a further subscription of 5s. 6d. We think it should render a more satisfactory explanation of its position before calling for money in this way.

READER LOSES SIGHT OF EYE
"JOHN BULL" PAYS £125
108 more Benefits paid this week.

Problems of Life

The Right Word

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

BOSWELL says in his "Life of Johnson" that Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked the great man by what means he had attained his extraordinary felicity of speech. The answer was that he had made it a fixed rule for the greater part of his life to do his best on every occasion, and that by constant practice and never allowing himself to slip into careless expressions he had come in time to be able habitually to utter his thoughts in the clearest and most forcible manner.

Lord Oxford and Asquith

This is a method which ought to be generally practised, but, on the contrary, ours is an age of slang and slovenly speech in public and private.

Conversation is said to be a lost art, and the reason is not hard to find. It is largely that we are careless in our use of words, which leads to frivolous thinking.

Englishmen are notoriously deficient as public speakers. How rarely do we have the pleasure of listening to a well-phrased and interesting address!

The House of Commons has abolished oratory: what has it got in exchange? Little that is admirable.

THE claim is made that what Parliament has lost in one way it has gained in another, that debaters have now to keep strictly to the point and say what they have to say in the plainest terms if they are to secure a hearing.

But John Bright's wonderful speeches, with their wealth of simple musical English, were always to the point, and they never contained a superfluous word.

Lord Oxford, better known as Mr. Asquith, is the nearest approach to Bright in this respect among living statesmen, but he lacks warmth.

If he possessed the temperamental fervour of Mr. Lloyd George he would be unrivalled. He always uses the right word in the right place.

There is another sense in which the ability to utter the right word ought to be cultivated.

A sensible and tactful observation made at a crisis will often smooth away a difficulty or compose a dispute.

Mr. J. H. Thomas excels in this. He may not be very sure about his aitches, but he does know human nature and can say the right thing at the right moment without prejudicing his case.

THIS gift ought not to be so rare; we can all acquire it. Its possession is the sign of a kindly nature and a level head, and is one of the most valuable aids to human intercourse.

Human beings are far too ready with the right word in a wrong sense—the retort ungracious, the wounding epithet, the angry protest that makes a bad situation worse.

How much better is the calm and ordered speech that heals and helps!

A TERRIBLE NEGRO HAUNT

THE "KITTEN" AND HIS "MICE"

Café that Must be Closed

WE have lately made enquiries in regard to the tremendous number of black men now in England. The "Black Colonies" of London, Cardiff and Liverpool are crowded with coloured wastrels whose chief form of subsistence lies in the underworld.

The worst part of the whole scandal is that many of these unwanted aliens entice unfortunate white girls into their power, and resort to living on their earnings.

In the West End of London there are many places frequented by black men which should be immediately closed down. The houses we have in mind are plague-spots which are rank with iniquity.

The worst of them is in Great White Lion Street, Soho. It is a rendezvous for coloured criminals of every description, and ought to engage the immediate attention of the police.

Day and night alike, crimes and robberies, murderous assaults and blackmail coups are planned here by black desperadoes who assemble in force, and who often carry with them revolvers and other dangerous weapons.

Sickening sights of Soho

The house answers the description of a restaurant. It is nicknamed the "Black Man's Café," and is run by an unsavoury-looking person named James Kitten. This man, cunning and disreputable, has no respect whatever for law and order.

He deliberately encourages black men to use his lair, and it is said that his "café" is so well known amongst coloured "visitors" to our seaport towns that few fail to visit it when they are on some evil mission in London.

One of the most sickening sights witnessed every day in this place is the spectacle of white women shamelessly consorting with black men.

The women are, for the most part, of bad repute; but many have become the degraded creatures they are solely through continual association with the coloured scoundrels who frequent the establishment.

Many black drug-carriers and negroes "wanted" by the police for other crimes—some of the most contagious sweepings of the underworld, in fact—have been arrested at various times in this "café."

Drugs—and daggers!

Fights between black men and their victims are frequent, too—fights in which knives and daggers are constantly used. Yet, despite all these things, Mr. James Kitten is permitted to carry on as though he was running one of the cleanest restaurants in London! Why?

Here are a few cases to show what we mean. A coloured man named Price formed an infatuation for a white woman, and a week or so ago came to blows in the "Black Man's Café" with another coloured man named Brondow, who had previously been associated with the same woman.

In the end, the disgraceful scene finished by Price pulling a knife from his pocket and stabbing Brondow in the back with it!

On another occasion the police entered the "café" and ordered a coloured man and several women to leave the premises.

The "darkie" refused to go and fought fiercely with the police, kicking one officer in the abdomen and biting his face!

He had a razor on him at the time, and had already been to jail for wounding with a razor and a knife!

Not long ago a coloured scoundrel named Rich was arrested and sent to jail for "dope" offences. He had been living on the earnings of unfortunate white women for years, and was a constant frequenter of Kitten's café.

While we are in a position to give a number of other instances like these, we have said enough to condemn this thieves' kitchen, and to show why it should not be allowed to exist.

Kitten, who used to be a cook at the Savoy Hotel, has, on at least one occasion, been fined for "permitting disorderly conduct and suffering women of ill-repute to resort to his premises." His defence was that he was not aware of the character of the white women concerned.

This stamps him as a liar, as well as a disreputable caterer for the coloured rascals who make his café day after day a meeting-place for hatching roguery and crime.

Check the alien flow!

Kitten and his coloured clients are not the only ones. Aliens of all nationalities are flooding this country once again, and as most of them do no real work, but live by their wits, we urge upon the Home Office the necessity of dealing at once with the whole problem.

Almost every day our magistrates have before them cases in which foreigners are charged with various kinds of crime, and it is generally proved that the rascals in question have no occupation or means, and should not be in this country at all.

Yet nothing practical is done to check the ever-flowing stream!

Half-a-million Mystery

Munroe's Murky Past

AS we are constantly receiving enquiries from anxious victims of one of the most impudent ramps of recent years, we think it appropriate to address a few words to the Board of Trade in the hope that something may yet be done for those who have suffered very seriously.

The ramp to which we refer is the Anglo-Burma Oilfields, a concern which embarked upon its swindling career about five years ago.

Its guiding genius in 1920 was an enterprising gentleman named Edwin Enever, who had some swagger offices in Knightsbridge. Mr. Enever, after a long run, was eventually laid by the heels and sent to penal servitude for fraud.

* * *

After his connection with the Anglo-Burma Oilfields had ceased, a very interesting gentleman came on the scene named George H. Munroe.

A Canadian by birth, he ran a number of fraudulent concerns in both America and Canada before he concentrated on this side of the Atlantic. But these fiascos were as nothing compared with the Anglo-Burma Oilfields.

* * *

With the aid of two touting companies called the Constitutional Trust and the Associated British Commerce and Industry—in which his co-director was a gentleman named Major Westwood-Henderson — Mr. Munroe urged British investors to place their money in Anglo-Burma Oilfields, which was to reap big profits.

Many well-known people, including the Earl of Carrick, Rear-Admiral Wylie Dumas, Sir Henry Crofton Lowther, Sir George Murray and Sir William Crundell have been connected with this company at various times.

Some idea of Munroe's personality may thus be gauged from the fact that he was able to induce such honourable people to become directors in such a concern.

In all, thousands of people were roped in and something like £500,000 was obtained. Eventually the whole affair collapsed, and not only did the £500,000 disappear, but something like £16,000 besides, a sum which represented debts owing by the company to sundry creditors.

And when this stupendous bubble burst there was exactly 2s. 8d. in hand at the bank!

When the affairs of this concern came to be sifted in the Bankruptcy Court, it was denounced as a monstrous swindle, and some of the directors were criticised for not exercising proper care in regard to the manner in which some of the business was conducted.

* * *

This was in the middle of 1924, and although the victims hoped that some further official investigation of the swindle would be made, nothing has happened.

Is nothing further to be done in this disgraceful case?

A Hard-up Company

House-purchase Fraud

WE have advised a number of enquirers by post to have no dealings with the London and Counties House Purchase Company, of 5, Victoria Street, S.W.1, and we are, therefore, particularly interested in a case brought before Mr. Justice McCardie recently.

Mr. Ernest Willoughby Statham sued the London and Counties House Purchase Company for the return of £60 paid by him on an alleged fraudulent misrepresentation, and he also asked to have an endowment policy, issued to him by the company, cancelled.

He had been induced to pay his £60 in the belief that £1,050 would be advanced on mortgage in ten days; but this advance was never made for the simple reason that the company had not got the necessary funds behind it.

A shaky balance

The company had been formed at the end of 1924 with a nominal capital of £1,000, divided into 850 preference shares of £1 each and 3,000 ordinary shares of 1s. each.

The total amount of paid-up capital had been returned as £700, but there was nothing to show whether actual cash had been paid for shares or not.

It was further stated that just before Statham was accepted as a client with the promise of an advance of £1,050, the company's bank balance stood at £11! In fact, but for the receipt of Statham's £60, its account would have been overdrawn in July by about £20!

In the face of these disclosures it is not surprising to learn that defendant's counsel came forward on the second day's hearing with the announcement that his clients were willing to pay the £60 into court that afternoon, plus interest at 5 per cent., and that they were also willing to cancel the endowment policy and to answer any questions about the company's affairs.

This was not good enough for Mr. Justice McCardie, however. He pointed out that the charge of fraud must be admitted, or the case must proceed in the ordinary way.

An example to follow

Counsel agreed to the former course and judgment was given accordingly for the plaintiff, all the documents being impounded for the investigation of the Public Prosecutor.

Meanwhile, we should like to draw attention to a certain interesting fact. The managing director of the London and Counties House Purchase Company is a gentleman named Edward Ayres, of 17, Orchard Road, Kingston-on-Thames, and this is not the first shady housing scheme with which he has been connected.

Whilst hoping that the Public Prosecutor will act in this matter, we would urge all other clients who have been treated in the same way as Mr. Statham to follow his example and sue the company without delay.

The Limit in Flat-Traps

Letter-box Lure

An enterprising concern known as The Household Necessity Supply Co., of 107, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1, is at present flooding the provinces with circulars in an impudent attempt to lift money from a gullible public.

These circulars tell of a golden opportunity which awaits a certain section of the public. Recipients are not told why they have been especially selected to participate in the "golden opportunity," but it is pointed out that they are most fortunate to have been chosen.

"As this offer only remains open to you for seven days," runs the circular, "we should advise you to lose no time in qualifying for this stupendous surprise."

A wonderful wager

We have no doubt that any who accept this company's offer will receive a "stupendous surprise," but they will be very foolish, for the circular is one of the most transparent flat-traps imaginable.

We have already advised a number of readers to have nothing to do with the Household Necessity Supply Co.; but as it is clear that a very wide net has been spread a general warning seems desirable.

The "golden opportunity" is said to have arisen out of a wager of £100 a side between two firms. One firm, apparently, has claimed that the public will not purchase any article, no matter of what value, unless it is either seen or fully described.

The other firm, however, has expressed the opinion that "we are not now living in the stupid times when a well-known gentleman walked up and down the West End offering for sale genuine golden sovereigns at one penny each and could not sell them."

The Household Necessity Supply Co. is not offering golden sovereigns, neither is it asking for one penny. It is asking for 2s. 9d., in return for which it undertakes to forward an article that "is in the nature of a household necessity and which we are in honour bound not to divulge."

This, then, is the "golden opportunity" which is being offered to a "wideawake public" in order to decide a wager between two firms.

Callers unwe come

Enquiries have elicited the fact that the Household Necessity Supply Co. shares 107, Newington Causeway with two other undertakings, and a caller was not invited inside.

On pressing to see one of the "Household Necessities" which were being distributed he was shown a fountain-pen! He was informed that certain other articles had also been dealt with, but their exact nature was not disclosed.

It will be seen that the whole concern is fishy from first to last, whilst it is interesting to note that the circular letters do not comply with the requirements of the Registration of Business Names Act.

AN AMAZING SOCIETY

QUACKS' QUICK QUALIFICATIONS

A Case for the General Medical Council

WHAT are we to say of a law which allows a number of quack doctors to band themselves together into an association for the furtherance of their ends?

In May last year there sprang into being the Incorporated Association of Osteopaths, Limited, which was registered at Somerset House as a company limited by guarantee, having no share capital.

The memorandum of association described the objects of the company as being "to support, advance, maintain, and carry out research and investigation into the principles, theory and practice of osteopathic and allied sciences."

Now who were the worthy gentlemen behind this new movement?

It was organised by Ernest Henry Davies, of 16, Windermere Street, Everton, Liverpool, whilst the secretary is Patrick Saul, of Sanford House, Church Road, Wavertree.

Impressive tags

The names of five other subscribers appear in the memorandum, and all are described as osteopaths or chiropractors or both.

At first sight one might possibly be impressed by this lavish use of imposing tags; but a fuller examination of the articles of association reveals the fact that members are granted the privilege of title of "(a) Osteopathic Physician, (b) Osteopathic Surgeon, or both."

Now what right has this association to grant such titles? They are bound to be misleading and there is no doubt that some people would take the owners to be highly skilled and qualified medical men.

An enquiry into the actual qualifications of the promoters of this association does not inspire further confidence.

Mr. Ernest H. Davies sometimes places the initials "M.D." after his name, and on occasion has been known to refer proudly to his training at Edinburgh University and the fact that he is licensed by the General Medical Council.

Sir Donald McAlister, Bt., President of the General Medical Council

Edinburgh has turned out some note-worthy medical men, but we are afraid that Ernest H. Davies is not one of them.

He can certainly claim to have studied medicine there; but in the public interest it is necessary for us to add that the period of his studies was limited to *one month!*

His name has also appeared on the Students' Register of the General Medical Council, but he has certainly not received any licence from them.

The magic initials

And what of the magic initials "M.D."? It would seem that this is a degree obtained from an American Academy of Medicine.

A list of questions put out by this academy for the degree of "M.D.," "signifying Doctor of Medicine, and Master Diagnostician," is before us at the moment.

It does not contain a single question bearing on anatomy, physiology, bacteriology, pathology, minor or major surgery—all of which are included in any final examination for a qualifying certificate to practise medicine and surgery.

It appears that quite a number of diplomas, granting this misleading degree, have been circulated in this country.

We would ask Mr. Davies and his fellow associates whether they realise the extent of the responsibilities which they are taking upon themselves.

It is one thing to walk down to Somerset House and register an incorporated association with a high-sounding name and ambitious objects; but it is quite another thing to practise medicine and tinker with people's health when one's qualifications are of a strictly limited and questionable nature.

Running a risk

The memorandum of association limits the liability of each member to £5, but we hasten to impress upon these gentlemen the fact that their liability is not merely a financial one.

Should any of them take a case which requires highly specialised medical skill, he may quickly find himself in a very serious position.

The death of a patient in such circumstances might lead to a charge of criminal negligence or even manslaughter, in which event all the £5 in the world would avail the fake "M.D." nothing.

If the members of the Incorporated Association of Osteopaths, Limited, do not think better of it and decide to drop their project, we think that the General Medical Council should take action with a view to curbing their activities before serious harm is done.

A Brazen-faced Claim

Company's Extravagant Boast

IN these days of housing shortage, when so many people vainly try to secure suitable accommodation, home-seekers are always likely to be attracted by the advertisements of concerns which offer, in return for a small fee, to assist in the problem.

For some time we have been inundated with complaints and enquiries respecting such concerns; and it is clear that a large number of people have been induced to send fees to firms whose advertisements and literature are got up to mislead.

For sheer impudence commend us to the firm of Alexandra and Co., of 32, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, whose proprietor is E. Gray.

* * *

Amongst many other extravagant claims this company boasts that it has built up "what is admittedly the largest and most complete organisation of its kind in this country for the provision of unfurnished accommodation."

We should not object very much to Alexandra and Co. calling themselves "Specialists in Unfurnished Accommodation," but they put forward one claim which must be instantly refuted.

* * *

In their eagerness to impress prospective clients, they appear to have overstepped the bounds of strict veracity, and have distributed circulars in which they claim that their methods have been investigated by a representative of John Bull.

Having carefully pointed out that John Bull guarantees all its trade advertisements and will not accept any announcements about which there is the slightest element of doubt, Alexandra and Co. go on to declare that they are the only estate agents in the whole of London whose advertisements were acceptable to us.

"Were" is cunningly used here, for certain advertisements were once accepted from Alexandra and Co., but this enterprising company has omitted to inform its clients that we ceased to accept their announcements immediately we became fully acquainted with their methods.

Since that time we have received more than one complaint concerning this company's activities from people who have paid over fees for which they have received no appreciable value.

* * *

We do not say that Alexandra and Co. are not able to carry out some of the propositions they advertise.

But they have no right to use the name of this journal in their literature as though we have specially recommended them, and all people who receive their circulars should take particular note of the fact that we strongly resent this firm's impudence in so doing.

And unless they cease to use John Bull's name in the way they have been using it they will find themselves in very serious trouble.

A SHABBY SHUFFLE

HARDSHIP COUNTENANCED BY LAW

Judge's Scathing Rebuke

MR. CORNELIUS LOGAN, a chartered accountant, appears to be the victim of an obvious wrong which the law is powerless to right.

Having built up a successful business at Madras, with an estimated yearly profit of £670, Logan entered into an agreement with Messrs. Ford, Rhodes and Ford, of Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, a firm of chartered accountants with a big foreign business.

By the terms of this agreement Logan undertook to sell his Madras connection to them on the understanding that he was to become a partner and open a new branch in Rangoon.

An Indian manager, Iyer by name, who had helped Logan to build up the business in Madras, was to accompany him to Rangoon, but for some reason he backed out at the last moment.

An awkward position

This left Logan in a very awkward position, for Iyer's services were practically indispensable to him.

Mr. Logan communicated with Messrs. Ford, Rhodes and Ford, and informed them that it was quite impossible for him to start the Rangoon business without the assistance of Iyer, who, apart from his knowledge of the language, also knew all the potential clients in Rangoon.

The company in London agreed that it was futile to go on with the Rangoon project in the circumstances, and Logan returned to England.

The position was that he had parted with his business at Madras, and, through no fault of his own, the partnership and post at Rangoon had not materialised.

He had an interview with Mr. Rhodes, who assured him that he would be treated fairly and justly; but this gentleman is unfortunately now deceased.

The company did not come forward, apparently, to meet his contentions, which were to the effect that he was entitled to a sum equal to the value of the goodwill of his Madras business, which they now held.

Harsh legality

The matter was put to arbitration, and the umpire found that the goodwill of this business was £1,300, but on a strictly legal consideration, Ford, Rhodes and Ford could not be held liable for more than £379 9s. 1d. —the value of office furniture, etc.

Logan was forced to pay the cost of the umpiring, amounting to £140.

A special case, arising out of this arbitration, came before Mr. Justice Russell in the Chancery Division last month. Throughout the hearing his lordship showed the deepest sympathy with Logan, and again and again he gave the defendants every opportunity of coming forward and complying with Logan's willingness to accept a reasonable settlement, but they steadfastly refused.

Logan, of course, lost his case, for he could plead nothing except that the defendants were under a moral obligation to pay him for the goodwill of his business. But the judge made it clear that he fully upheld his claim.

"I have formed the view," he announced, "quite apart from any law—any strict legal right—that this seems to be a very hard case upon Mr. Logan, because it is quite clear he has parted with his business, including the goodwill thereof, and has received nothing in respect of the goodwill."

Shabby treatment

In giving judgment, Mr. Justice Russell said that he thought Mr. Logan had been treated and was being treated with *not only a want of generosity, but with a definite degree of shabbiness.*

At the same time his lordship observed that he was bound to uphold the umpire's finding, and the motion to set aside his award would be dismissed.

His lordship's concluding remark was to the effect that, much as he would have liked to deprive the respondents of the costs, he could not do so.

Thus a poor man has presented a business worth £1,300, the result of three years' effort, to a wealthy firm, whose shabby conduct the law can only comment upon, and against whom he has no redress whatever.

A Veteran's Tragic End

Crimean Hero Dies in the Workhouse

SCARCELY a week passes without our reading of some forgotten hero dying in circumstances of the direst poverty and neglect, unhonoured and unsung, and one almost begins to despair of ever seeing such people adequately rewarded for the services rendered to their country.

Only the other week the death was reported of the oldest inmate of Belfast Workhouse. He was Mr. Robert Yeates, and he had attained the age of 103 years. Just the passing of a pauper.

No very great matter for song or story, one might say; but behind this death lies a tale of tragedy, a tale full of pathos, which should move all true Britons to the core.

Cruel forgetfulness

For this aged, poverty-stricken inmate of Belfast workhouse was another example of how the country neglects its heroes. He was another of the great forgotten, a survivor of the famous Light Brigade.

The tragedy of his end must have been heightened by the fact that his birthplace was near by, at Killynure, Carryduff. The old hero had been an inmate of the Belfast workhouse for six years.

Six years of incarceration in poverty and only a short distance removed from scenes of happier days and happier memories.

Robert Yeates went to the Crimea with the 17th Lancers, a hale and upright young soldier, and determined to acquit himself honourably on the field of battle.

He was soon to taste hardship and privation, and his endurance was soon to be taxed to the uttermost.

A ghastly nightmare

Such are the demands which the country makes upon her glorious youth in time of stress, and such demands are gladly answered by lads of the fire and zeal of Robert Yeates.

Then came the famous but terrible charge—a ghastly nightmare of an ordeal, which thrilled the nation through and through. Young Robert Yeates was in the thick of it, and was stricken down.

Almost to the last he retained a vivid and indelible impression of his terrible experience. His horse was killed outright, and he himself lay bleeding beside its carcase all through the night in the bitter cold.

In due course he found himself back in his own country, and took his discharge from the Army. For a time he enjoyed the prestige which was rightly accorded to the survivors of Balaclava, but he was soon to find, as so many others have found, that the public memory is short-lived.

Yeates was awarded the generous pension of 1s. 3d. a week, but instead of repining, he obtained work on the railway and settled down to make his way in the world and live down the memory of his bitter and nerve-shattering experiences.

Fortune did not smile kindly upon him. A fire in his home destroyed all his papers and military records, and in the absence of these Army credentials his progress was handicapped on more than one occasion, and the War Office turned a deaf ear to all his appeals for assistance.

The death of his wife was a further blow from which he never fully recovered, and then his pension of 1s. 3d. was stopped by the authorities.

The last resort

He made many applications for its renewal, but in the absence of documentary proof even his meagre allowance was denied him.

At length, having no visible means of support, he was forced to enter the workhouse.

"When can their glory fade?" wrote the poet. There was little glory in the passing of Robert Yeates, and little credit to the country which neglected him.

Fatal Carelessness

Infirmary's Tragic Neglect

FROM time to time we have received complaints from readers regarding neglect on the part of the authorities at Whipps Cross Infirmary, and a case which has just been reported proves that the regulations at this institution leave much to be desired.

The case to which we refer is the tragedy of Mrs. Harriet Murray, a young woman of Tidal Basin, who was admitted to the infirmary in February, suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis.

The doctor who ordered her removal informed the husband that his wife had "every possible chance of getting better," but that she would have to be watched as she showed signs of mental trouble.

When Mr. Murray visited his wife at the institution he found her condition most disquieting. The mental trouble had increased alarmingly, and she was rambling and agitated in her manner.

The husband's trust

Nevertheless, the husband felt that she was receiving expert care and attention, and he hoped for the best.

Then came the terrible news that Mrs. Murray had thrown herself from the window of her ward. The fall was one of forty feet, and she had been killed instantaneously.

This shocking calamity is heightened for the unfortunate husband by the fact that he is left with a little baby, barely three months old. He feels that the hospital authorities have been guilty of gross neglect, and that his wife's tragic death should be laid at their door.

It is clear that Mrs. Murray's mental condition was such that she should not have been left unattended. Moreover, evidence given during the inquest showed that she was extremely restless all through the night preceding the tragedy.

A nurse found her awake and rambling on three occasions when making her rounds, yet apparently no attempt was made to call the medical officer, and there was no one to keep the patient under observation.

Asking for trouble

But, quite apart from this inattention, the procedure of placing a mental patient in a top-floor ward, and exposing her to risk by allowing her to be near a window forty feet from the ground, is open to grave objection.

As the coroner pointed out, the nature of Mrs. Murray's condition demanded that she should have been placed in an observation ward, and it is scandalous that this precaution was not taken.

In reply to a question from Mr. Murray, the coroner agreed that someone should have been in constant attendance in the ward where his wife was.

"That is why the public pay the money for this hospital," he added.

And, in our opinion, the public which pays the money has the right to demand a full enquiry into the whole organisation of this institution.

Lions Led by Asses

by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A. (*Ex-Fellow King's, Cambridge*).

NATIONAL economy is the need of the country, and puerile cheeseparing will never accomplish it. Our weak-kneed bureaucrats fear to scrap out-of-date methods. These scared incompetents must give place to those who have courage to adopt more efficient methods

THE lot of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in face of his critics is far from enviable. Everybody is clamouring for economy in general, and most people are ready to turn and rend him at the least attempt on his part to obtain any economy in particular.

It is easy for Tom, Dick or Harry to say that the national expenditure must be hewed down by a hundred million or so, but when it comes to practice it is no more easy for a nation than for an individual to tighten purse-strings without going short of something.

Cruisers? Well, they may have to go, but if the most distinguished naval experts consider that it will be gambling with the safety of the Empire, a patriotic Minister may well shrink from taking the responsibility.

The Civil Service? There are limits to the amount that may be screwed out of that already hard-worked profession.

Education? To economise a penny on that, on any pretence whatever, is to incur the odium of robbing the kiddies.

And as for the Road Fund—that increasing number of folk fortunate enough to possess cars grows apoplectic at the very mention of it!

This sort of criticism seems about as fair as tying a horse to a tree and then flogging him for not going on. Even Mr. Churchill is entitled to ordinary fair play, and instead of talking vaguely about economy, it would be more instructive and helpful to indicate some line in which economy could be accomplished on at all a considerable scale without imperilling any vital service.

Where to save millions

Now I believe that there is one department in which it would be possible, by an act of imaginative statesmanship, to save many millions a year, not only without sacrifice, but with positive increase of efficiency.

I refer to the Army. We are told that by petty economies and cheeseparing, a million, possibly two millions, may be pared down. This is excellent, as far as it goes, but two millions are not enough or anything like it. We want ten at least, and we can't afford to wait.

This is not the place to argue whether the possession of an army is wrong in itself. I shall assume that under present circumstances an army is a necessity, and that economy must be in no sense equivalent to scrapping.

But the sort of army that we shall require in the future is something altogether different from anything associated with that name in the past, as different from the splendid Expeditionary Force of 1914 as that force was from the bowmen of Agincourt.

The devil's weapons

The war that was supposed to end war has at least revolutionised it, and this fact would have been still more apparent had the direction of it, on both sides, not been in the hands of men trained in obsolete traditions of military science.

War is now a competition in destruction by means of machines, and the only soldier who is going to count is the skilled mechanic operating his machine under the most exacting conditions.

Even before the war this process had been consummated in the Navy. But on land, even after the coming of the land ironclad in the shape of the tank, our panjandrums still cling to the idea of the warrior whose supreme aim, like that of the medieval men-at-arms, is to get to close quarters with his opponent and either slash or prod him with a sharp instrument.

In spite of aeroplanes travelling at a hundred miles an hour, of armoured cars, of whippet tanks, we still cling to the expensive and—for the purposes of modern war—practically useless horse, and spend precious money in training and equipping regiments of cavalry who, if they endeavour to function as such against a civilised foe, can only succeed in getting themselves butchered to no purpose whatever.

But the peace army suffers under an additional handicap in that one of its time-honoured functions is to act, not as a fighting but a ceremonial force, to officiate in all kinds of pageantry, from tattoos to guards of honour.

No doubt, in Wellington's time, it would have been literally true to say that his steady Peninsular regiments advanced in battle as if on parade. To do anything of the kind against machine-guns would be an effective method of suicide.

Swaggering swordbearers

And when we hear of officers being compelled to purchase and carry the ridiculous swords, and of the mechanics of the Air Force being badgered with the drill of an infantry battalion, one is too forcibly reminded of a French description of the British Army as lions led by asses.

Now in these days of financial stringency, we certainly cannot afford to train an army for any other purpose than that of fighting in the most efficient possible manner. But to do this will require courage and statesmanship of the highest order.

Senior officers who served their apprenticeship under the auspices of the Duke of Cambridge and to whom smartness on parade is far more important than a knowledge of complicated machinery, will see their very occupation threatened.

But Mr. Churchill, whatever his faults may be, has at least the virtue of courage, and in pressing for an up-to-date army he will be going a long way towards getting that extra sixpence off the income-tax.

Scrap the cavalry!

The first and most obvious move is to make a clean sweep of the cavalry army, or rather to substitute for it a mobile force to include cars, tanks and aeroplanes.

The new type of officer may drop his aitches and go about stained with engine grease, provided he knows his machinery to the last nut and has the knack of training his mechanics to efficient team work.

Naturally some of the money saved will have to go to giving our new type of officer a living wage. The modern army has no place for the young man of good family who goes into an expensive crack regiment, and maintains a standard of living that transforms the mess into a club as exclusive as the Carlton.

He is a gentleman, no doubt, and recklessly brave, but the next big war, if it comes, is going to be an exceedingly ungentlemanly affair of scientifically bombing, drowning, poisoning and starving non-combatants of both sexes and all ages, in which the traditional soldierly qualities will be of little account.

Scrapping the cavalry will only be the first step toward bringing the army up to date, but it will

Esme Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc., M.A.

relieve the Treasury of a great and wholly unnecessary burden, for the horse, with his stabling, feed, training and attendance, is not only a useless but a horribly expensive luxury.

But the advance of mechanical invention is bound to make the infantryman, with his rifle—an almost useless weapon against tanks and aeroplanes—and the knife attachment on the end of it as obsolete as the boarder with his cutlass.

The army of the future will consist of a comparatively few highly trained and educated technicians, against whom drilled and unspecialised hordes will be as sheep for the slaughter.

An exceedingly significant incident occurred a short time ago on the frontier of Irak. Some six thousand Turks, men of one of the world's finest fighting stocks, tried to settle the boundary question by the rough-and-ready question of invasion.

A job for supers

The six thousand were easily and neatly disposed of by a few British aeroplanes, and the old Unspeakable will think for a long time before he again offers himself in the light of a bombing target.

So, then, I believe that a wise Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he is fortunate enough to find a kindred spirit at the War Office, will drastically retrench expenditure on the obsolete cavalry and obsolescent infantry; he will leave the pageantry and ceremonial to be performed, when necessary, by the surplus members of the sadly overcrowded theatrical profession.

He will aim at the ideal of a small but highly equipped force of mechanical specialists operating the most up-to-date machinery of destruction that can be invented by the research bureau forming the most important branch of the directive staff.

Naturally the existing Territorial Force, which provides such excellent opportunities for young men to get a fortnight's healthy enjoyment in playing at soldiers, will be cut down to mere skeleton corps of expert instructors, so that a new army, on the lines not of the past but of the future, can be trained in the shortest possible time when the "day" comes—as, please heaven, it may never come.

Here is a saving that may ultimately be reckoned not in millions but in tens of millions, that may conceivably wipe out the whole burden of the American debt and give us better value for our money. But whether any statesman will have the vision or the courage required is another question.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear your opinion, as one in close association with the Foreign Secretary, that Sir Austen Chamberlain's "whole mind is centred on peace." Nevertheless, I shall not second your hope that he will be our permanent representative in the League of Nations. Actions speak louder than words. Any man whose actions are at complete variance with his mind is not safe. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel LANE-FOX, M.P., Minister of Mines.

SIR,—It will come as a shock to many people to learn that there are 54,800 boys under sixteen years of age employed in British coal mines. Last year seventy-nine of these juvenile workers were killed in mining accidents and 15,241 more or less seriously injured. Surely a terrible indictment of modern industrialism. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Eccleston Square, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—What a pity it is that you cannot make the Government see with you that economy is not so much a matter of saving as of wise and productive expenditure. The starvation of vital social services is, you insist, irrational, and the public good is the only acid test. The well-being of the community is too precious to form the subject of a political gamble, and you are performing a national service by condemning this mischievous meddling. Hammer away! JOHN BULL.

To Dr. HUGH DALTON, M.P., Albert Bridge Road, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—At Geneva last summer you "had the humiliation of listening to the spokesman of the British Government—Sir Cecil Hurst—doing his best to block every advance that was attempted by other countries towards disarmament." He objected "*even to the setting up of a preparatory commission to prepare the way for the disarmament conference.*" There is only one remedy for this sort of thing and the British people must take it—insistence on delegates able and willing to carry out their expressed will. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ROSS, Ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—It is good to find that long years of experience as a judge have not destroyed your respect for human nature. "All things considered," you say, "the wonder is not that people are so bad, but that they are so good." If every occupant of the Bench had your gift of charity there would be fewer cruelties perpetrated in the name of justice. JOHN BULL.

To Captain WALTER BARTON SCOBELL, Bath.

DEAR SIR,—That is a decent offer you have made to the Somerset Miners' Association of your mining royalties, in the event of the latter being purchased by the State. But why stipulate that if the proceeds be used for developing education it must be of a "genuinely working-class" character? True education knows no class. And that's the only sort worth developing. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice McCARDIE, Royal Courts of Justice.

DEAR SIR,—Your opinions on the stupidity of actions for breach of promise are opportune. As you point out, juries have the unfortunate task of assessing the value of the plaintiff in to-day's marriage market, a task similar to that of assessors in Eastern slave markets. It is a lowering of woman's dignity, and in this day of woman's independence a silly anachronism. JOHN BULL.

To Miss E. PICTON-TURBERVILL, Gayfere Street, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—There was a fine display by happy, healthy British girls at the annual drill competition of the Y.W.C.A. I agree with you that this is the true stamp of our modern lassies, not the "cocktail variety" we're sick of hearing about. Critics who are always carping at this comparatively insignificant class should enquire into the state of their own minds for the reason. JOHN BULL.

THE THINKERS

As is customary, Mr. Churchill will devote the Easter Parliamentary recess in putting the final touches to the Budget.

To Mrs. NESTA FERGUSON, Stanford Rivers, Ongar.

DEAR MADAM,—It is fitting that the University of London should recognise your research work in botany by conferring upon you the degree of Doctor of Science. Quietly you have carried out your investigations, examining the secrets of plant life, and your findings will pass—unnoticed at large—into the warp and woof of commercial life. It is well you should be honoured by those who know. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. H. TARRANT, Highbury Crescent, N.

DEAR SIR,—You are a standing rebuke to those who think that a useful, everyday occupation is necessarily a soul-deadening affair. You get your living by collecting 'bus fares, but you develop your artistic side in spare hours. A capital picture painted by you awaits judgment at Burlington House. Many of your efforts have found ready purchasers, and your portrait of Lord Kitchener hangs on the walls of Lord Ashfield's house. Persevere! You may yet be able to write the coveted "R.A." after your name. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. F. T. PAUL, F.R.C.S., Rodney Street, Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—It was a happy thought of your colleagues of the Liverpool Medical Association to present a bronze cast of your right hand to the institution as a permanent tribute to your skill. "Paul's light hand" has long been synonymous with the most perfect skill in surgery. You reminded your associates that the gentle touch comes from the heart more than the hand. It is born of sympathy with the patients' sufferings. You are the right man in the right place, and an honour to your profession. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HARVEY JAMES LEE, Ellerton Road, Tolworth, Surbiton.

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations to you and your good wife, both eighty-three, on the attainment of your diamond-wedding anniversary. As an old-time "Bobbie" you remember dreadful scenes. Men were hanged in public, with drop so short that prisoners fell only to their knees, and hangmen went below, hanging on to their legs to shorten their sufferings. I need only add that these spectacles were watched, and enjoyed, by crowds so large that mounted police were needed to regulate them, to show how far upwards we have travelled in a single lifetime. But there are a good many peaks still to climb. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

THE PRIME MINISTER:—"Trade cannot be restored in a day; the destruction has been too complete."

It will never be restored unless the Government gets a move on to help it.

* * *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—"I have been carefully considering the question of luxury taxation."

What you ought to have been considering is how to reduce excessive taxation.

* * *

LORD HUGH CECIL:—"It seems to me that the League is doing very well."

Which proves what very different views can be held of what constitutes doing well.

* * *

MR. H. J. YATES:—"High wages and restricted output are a double curse."

In countries where wages are really high there is no restricted output.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

THE SPECTRE IN THE FACTORY

Get On With It!

WE have little patience with those, of whatever Party, now engaged in picking holes in the cost of Mr. Baldwin's electricity scheme.

When the Prime Minister in January announced the first preliminary outlines, a chorus of approval from all over the country went up in welcome of his enterprise. This came by no means from supporters of the Government only. The Opposition saw in it an epitome of their own ideas for electrical development.

Mr. Baldwin's Party expressed gratification that this forward move came from their own side. They regarded it as a complete silencer of critics who dubbed them merely "the keepers of things as they are."

It is not too much to say that the promise of this Act, making possible a much larger and cheaper provision of light and power, has stimulated our flagging industries as nothing else has done since the war.

Business men see in it a removal of the hopeless handicap they suffer in competition with other nations. Municipalities, at present hampered in all their plans of local extension and development, see a prospect of the stone being rolled away that now blocks the door of progress.

Why, then, during the last few days have there arisen so many clouds and rumours of coming storms of opposition? Some of Mr. Baldwin's own supporters suddenly profess to see in it the bogey of Socialism. Socialists, unless the scheme is rechristened and readjusted to the tune of well-known shibboleths, refuse to see in it any good at all.

Plain men wonder when M.P.s will put the good of the country before any other consideration. Mr. Baldwin's Electricity Bill forms the best possible platform on which to do it.

The Devil's Game

THE "Intimate Papers" of Colonel House, President Wilson's right-hand man during the war, has let loose some strange facts.

There is one passage in particular that every man and woman would do well to digest.

At one period of the war the deaths from Zeppelin attacks totalled some 200—mostly women and children.

"The net result, I thought," says Colonel House, "was of enormous value to the Allies. This opinion was concurred in by a British Cabinet official, who regretted that the Zeppelins did not go to the West of England where recruiting was slack.

"I suggested to Lloyd George that a line of electric lights should be strung across England, showing the way."

Here is a crystallised example of the workings of the official mind. No comments of ours could add to its callous clarity.

If ever again the people of this country allow themselves to be jockeyed into war, in face of the truths which every fresh revelation brings, they will be mad indeed.

Industry's Human Sacrifice

WE congratulate the Home Secretary on his pledge to introduce the Government Factory Bill next year. We look to him vigorously to challenge and defeat the selfish interests which block the path of reform

FEW pieces of legislation are more urgently required than the Factory and Workshop Bill which the Government stands pledged to introduce before the close of the present Parliamentary session.

There has been no general Factories Bill for the last twenty-five years, and industry in this period has grown to an extent not contemplated by the Act passed in 1901.

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary

Consequently, there has been an alarming increase in industrial accidents, an increase all the more alarming by reason of the fact that the heavy industries, which bear by far the larger proportion of accidents, have been unusually slack.

The last available figures—those for 1924—reveal that there were no less than 169,723 accidents that involved absence from work, an increase of no fewer than 44,000 over the figures for 1923. There were 956 fatal accidents in 1924, an increase of 89 over 1923.

In fact, ever since the war there has been a steady increase in the accident rate, and the Chief Inspector of Factories points out that by no means all the accidents are notified.

It is not pleasant to contemplate what the postponement of this urgently required Factory Bill actually means, but these figures give some indication of it.

It means that for each year the Bill is postponed hundreds of valuable lives will be lost, and thousands more people will be mutilated more or less seriously in the course of their daily work. And this is all the more serious since there is general agreement that the vast majority of these accidents are preventable.

COINCIDENT with more stringent regulations for the health and safety of factory workers, there must be a considerable increase in the number of factory inspectors. In 1914 there were 222 inspectors and assistant-inspectors, or, roughly, one inspector for every 1,247 factories. Under the Geddes economy proposals this altogether inadequate number was reduced to 205, and so far as we know it stands at this figure at the present moment.

This means that we now have one inspector for every 1,383 factories, a state of things that is not so much inadequate as altogether preposterous.

How necessary are immediate provisions for still better safeguarding the health of factory workers is seen by a statement from the 1925 report of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board.

This is an entirely impartial body, and it states: "Loss of time due to sickness, most of it preventable, cost the country not less than ten times more than that which it lost owing to strikes and labour disputes."

WHAT such a state of things means to the country in hard cash it would be difficult to calculate. But that it constitutes an appalling waste of human assets and human capital cannot be disputed.

During the past twenty-five years there have been thirty-six special reports, twenty-five ordinary reports, nine conferences with employers and employed, seventeen welfare and safety reports, two international conventions, and innumerable departmental memoranda and research, each and all concerned with what should be done for the safety and welfare of the factory employee.

Can anyone doubt, in view of these facts, that it is time, and more than time, that the result of all this expert work was placed on the Statute Book?

The Big Wangle

WE have frequently criticised the truth of the statement that unemployment is steadily diminishing. Now at last a White Paper has been published which attempts to justify the assertion that unemployment is a steadily decreasing quantity.

We are told that the number of people who have been struck off the register of unemployed because they have been judged ineligible for benefit is about 10,000.

It is to be noted in passing that these people may have ceased to draw benefit, but they have not thereby found employment.

The White Paper, however, only presents one side of the picture. If unemployment has really improved to the extent of some 200,000 people being absorbed in industry—which is what we are expected to believe—it is a very strange thing that the figures of Poor Law relief should have moved upwards to almost this precise extent.

There is a serious discrepancy somewhere, which will take more explaining away than the somewhat complacent White Paper to which we have referred.

But, assuming the decline in unemployment to be genuine, does this really indicate an industrial revival? Much as we would like to believe that it does, we are forced to doubt it, since such unemployed as industry has absorbed have found work as the result of the coal subsidy. If the subsidy is removed or lessened in May, there is every reason to fear that this will cease.

It is for this reason that we would like to see the Government stop tinkering with unemployment and tackle some big measures for the revival of industry as a whole.

A "Crook" Invasion

THE Scotland Yard authorities have just issued an amiable warning against the swarm of foreign "crooks" who infest our hospitable shores.

While appreciating this polite attention at its proper value, the British public would like to know why so many of these alien undesirables—some of them notorious from Petrograd to San Francisco—are permitted to land in Great Britain.

The taxpayer, who has to bear the heavy cost of administering the Aliens Act, is naturally beginning to wonder what value he is getting for his money.

The only way to close the net of the law around these foreign sharks is by international police co-operation, employing every resource of modern invention and detective skill to defeat the common enemies of society.

It is time this world-wide crusade against the criminal passed beyond the range of experiment into the realm of practical achievement. There are "crooks" at large in Great Britain today whose names are familiar in every Continental and American police bureau. Their presence reflects no credit on either Scotland Yard or the Home Office.

The Two Big Bogies

by A. G. GARDINER

WHILST other countries have been progressing, Britain has "stuck in the mud." Meddling politicians have interfered when business brains were needed. The results of chaos must now be ended and muddle-headedness give place to sanity and wisdom

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister

MR. BALDWIN is not a spectacular rider, but he is doing very well. He has taken his first fence cleanly and well. He has made his Electricity Bill secure. Can he take the next fence, that of Coal, as successfully?

If he can—and I think he can—he will make his premiership a landmark in history. He will have gone far to solve the great riddle of our future and to put the industry of this country on a new and prosperous basis.

Let us see the problem he is struggling with in its broad aspects. Electricity and coal are not two problems. They are one. Together they make the problem of Power. The industrial supremacy of this country in the past was built up on the basis of cheap and abundant power, secured to us because we had the finest coal resources in the world.

It was our coal that filled the bunkers of the world's ships, fed the engines of the trains that roared across the plains of India and the pampas of South America, heated the furnaces of mills and factories in Scandinavia and Italy.

But great things have been happening in the last twenty-five years to threaten this dominion of British Power. We have seen oil displacing coal, water power converted into electrical power which can be distributed far and wide, the combustion engine challenging steam power and a multitude of other developments which have changed the whole complexion of world dependence on the resources of this country.

Dangerous somnolence

We have been slow to awaken to what is happening. We could not believe that we were in danger, that we were in the presence of a new and fierce competition that must be met by new methods and bold adventures.

Take the case of electricity. While the outside world has been developing this source of power by leaps and bounds, we have allowed this great national interest to be bedevilled by private exploiters and a jumble of local rivalries.

Instead of grappling with it as a vast national undertaking, we have left it to be frittered away in a thousand trumpery experiments. In London alone we have more than half a hundred sources of supply all unco-ordinated.

What is the result? There is no country in the world that has not left us standing still. While we use only 118 units per head per annum, France and Germany use 200, Sweden, Norway, the United States 500, Switzerland 700, Canada 900.

The crippling influence

Consider the result on industry. Consider the enormous loss to London alone from the lack of a cheap, efficient, abundant supply of power.

For twenty years spasmodic attempts have been made to get the evil remedied, but they have always been defeated by the power of the vested interests which, having got the public interest "in chancery," have fought like tigers to keep it there and exploit it at their leisure.

That they were destroying the industry of the country in the process was a matter of indifference.

Happily, at last we have got these rodents on the run. Mr. Baldwin has faced his die-hards has refused to be terrified by the familiar cant about private enterprise and Socialism and has carried the second reading of a Bill which will revolutionise the production and distribution of electricity in this country.

Within five years, certainly within ten, we may expect to see electrical light and power within the reach of everybody as cheaply and abundantly as it is in Sweden or the United States, with results to industry that are simply incalculable.

The word that scares

In place of the chaos of trumpery authorities, peddling out their little local supplies at exorbitant prices, the whole country is to be brought under the operation of a single system, in which all parts are co-ordinated, and great central power-stations will pour out the supply on the most scientific and economic principles.

The die-hards call this Socialism and try to scare us at this bogey of a word. It is not Socialism as the Socialists understand it, but it is public control of a public commodity which is essential in the public interest.

The business of Parliament is not to run the great basic industries of the country, but to lay down the principles, methods and restrictions upon which those industries are to be run.

That is what is being done in the case of electricity. That is what has to be done in the case of coal, and the next few weeks will show whether Mr. Baldwin has the courage to take his second stiff fence as boldly as he has taken his first, ignoring his die-hards on the one hand and the vapourings of the Cooks on the other.

The case of coal, like the case of electricity, is a question of cheap power. Our industries are starved and our commercial future threatened by the high cost of coal power.

The fact is not due to the failure of our supplies. We have the finest coal seams in the world. But the economics of the coal industry have got into hopeless chaos, with the result that coal is too dear for the purposes of industry and labour too ill-paid for industrial contentment.

How are we to get out of the mess? Not by the existing system of things. It is that system which has brought the industry to disaster. Not by mumbling "private enterprise" on the one hand, and "Socialism" on the other.

The State cannot run the business; but neither can it keep out of the business. At this moment it is paying out a million a week to keep the industry going, and only the State can apply the remedy to the disease.

The root of the disease is in the scattered, incoherent, improvident condition of the industry. The Government alone can bring order out of the chaos by surveying the whole coal production of the country and laying down the principles for its reconstruction and development.

We must end the anomaly of private property in mineral royalties, shut up the old, effete, uneconomic mines that are strangling the industry, hasten the opening up of the rich new seams of South Yorkshire and the Midlands, transfer the miner from the old workings to the new, develop the scientific experiments in the use of the by-products of coal, and bring our coal resources into relation with the new electrical scheme.

The power that counts

If, while this great transition is in progress, it is necessary to continue the subsidy, it should be cut down to the barest limits, *and provided by a levy on the enormous profits of the rich mines.*

If Mr. Baldwin will grasp this nettle firmly he need fear neither his die-hards nor the Socialists. He will have behind him the overwhelming weight of public opinion and he will solve that problem of cheap power without which this country cannot maintain its commercial supremacy.

Stones

Whilst unemployment is rampant, it is a scandalous fact that goods are purchased from abroad that are ready to hand at home

SINCE unemployment came to be labelled a problem, most people seem to have dismissed it from their minds. As a problem, they argue it is not for them to solve. It is not for them even to trouble their heads about.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

And in their hurry to get away from it and all that it implies, they forget that there is a cure for unemployment, a cure which very often they themselves can apply.

The quick cure for unemployment is employment. That, though a truism, is still a fact. In so far as they find work for a single man or woman they are contributing their quota to the solution of the very problem they would like to banish for ever from their thoughts.

I am prompted to these thoughts by the strange case of certain local authorities, who, instead of buying British goods when their price and quality are as attractive as the foreigner can offer, and so of increasing the demand for British labour, prefer to go abroad to have their requirements met.

There are such in our midst to-day, strange as it may seem, and, if my information is correct, their number is growing.

And the particular commodity they are having imported is just such an ordinary, everyday thing as stone—stone for the making of roads. To such a pass have we come apparently that we have to go to Belgium and France for plain, common or garden roadstone for the making of British roads.

THIS is what I am told. In the British quarrying industry, which numbers under its flag some hundreds of firms in various parts of the country, there are several hundred men unemployed. Yet last year we imported over 200,000 tons of roadstone from the Continent, all of which was used by local authorities!

Were the British industry unable to meet the demands of the roadmaker, were British roadstone inferior in quality, were it uneconomical in price, I could see more reason for going abroad for supplies. But none of these things is true, I am assured.

On the contrary, Great Britain can produce

What's Under the Hat?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHAT is to be said of politicians who strive for Party advantage while human beings are left to starve under conditions that would not be permitted for cattle? Poverty is a human problem—not a "political question"

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, whose function as Minister of Health brings him face to face with this problem

A MAN made a remark to me the other day that I find myself quite unable to forget. "If heart could have saved the world," he said, "the world would have been saved long ago. It is not want of heart that is the trouble. It is want of head."

Every newspaper I read, every intelligent man with whom I talk, every windy piece of rhetoric that echoes emptily through the House of Commons brings these words back to my mind.

Let me take one simple fact, appalling enough in its stark inhuman barbarity, doubly appalling in its relation to other facts.

Last week's Ministry of Health figures showed that 1,400,000 people were receiving parish relief.

You may think that out of the total population of the country this is, on the whole, not a very staggering proportion. You may say to me: "There is bound to be some distress after a world war. A period of industrial depression must inevitably produce unemployment. It is all very sad—but is it, after all, such a big proportion in view of the population?"

An abyss of hopeless misery

Let me put this fact in another way. One person in every thirty in this England of ours is too poor to keep body and soul together. One person in every thirty would literally starve to death if the community did not provide a little charity.

Let us go a little further. According to the last census there were 10,000,000 people living on the poverty line, 10,000,000 people who were living a life of semi-starvation, deprived of any crumb of comfort or luxury, liable at any moment to lose their feeble grip on life and sink into an abyss of hopeless misery.

Not one in thirty this time—*one in four!* One person out of every four living under conditions to which no self-respecting farmer would condemn his cattle.

Do you begin to see what my friend meant when he said that the trouble with this world was not want of heart but want of head?

Now my quarrel with Socialists is that they are attempting to solve problems like these by heart instead of by head. They rage against the existence of such a mass of squalor and misery in the midst of a land as rich and as powerful as ours. So do I. So does every man and woman with the decency to thank God that they have food for their stomachs and comfort for their bodies.

Political automatons

But I cannot very easily believe in the sincerity of people who, seeing the problem so clearly, refuse to solve it unless they can solve it their own way.

I am not at all impressed by the earnestness of a man who allows his political prejudices to blind him to the good in his opponent's suggestions.

It is not alone with the Socialist that I quarrel. I cannot believe in the sincerity of a Conservative who opposes a measure automatically because it is proposed by a Socialist, any more than I can admire the Liberal who sneers at an obviously sane suggestion because it is put forward by a Conservative.

It is not want of heart that prevents food being put into the stomachs of the starving; it is not want of heart that prevents the homeless being housed and the sick cared for and the great mass of the people raised from a poverty-stricken existence to a life of reasonable comfort and hope.

It is want of head, the prostitution of reason to political prejudice and Party advantage.

What in the name of humanity does it matter which political Party discovers how to wipe this terrible blot from our boasted "civilisation," so long as it is wiped off? What has the tragedy of the hungry and outcast to do with politics at all?

Are the slums of Hoxton peculiarly a problem of the Labour Party? Are the hovels of Liverpool to be dealt with only by the Conservatives? Is it solely the Liberal Party that is charged with the task of sweeping away the human pig-sties of our great cities?

"The other day," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "someone died in a two-roomed cottage in North Wales. There was no room for both the quick and the dead in any of the three beds in the only bedroom, so the corpse was taken into the kitchen and placed on the table. When meal-times came round it was put underneath the table, and when the dishes were cleared away it was lifted back again."

This is the "housing problem" in all its nakedness. Does any politician dare to stand up in the House of Commons and say that this is a political question?

The festering sore

I find in my daily papers two more items that challenge the sincerity of every politician, and that challenge the thinking power of every man and woman in the country.

There is a pig farm at Hawkinge, near Folkestone. The pigs are housed in two centrally heated buildings 450 feet long, lit by electricity. Each pen has its own drainage system, and underground pipes and constant attention keep the animals as sweet-smelling as any lady's boudoir.

Compare this with the case mentioned last week at a meeting of the Willesden guardians in which four adults and seven children were living in a single room.

Is this a "political problem"? Or is it merely the appalling victory of party prejudice over the dictates of decency and common humanity?

If the people and politicians of this country had half as much "head" as they have "heart" they would not, they could not, rest until there was not a single man who lacked work, nor a single child who cried for food.

Abject, heartbreaking poverty is a sore that is festering against the very heart of England. It needs a surgeon's knife to cut it out before it stills the beating of that heart.

We are fools, blind and reckless fools, if we do not see the dangers of tinkering with human lives like this.

Stepping-stones to power

I do not believe that we are so bankrupt of statesmanship that we cannot save our country from disaster. I do not believe that cant and humbug will for ever drown the cries of those whose broken lives are the stepping-stones by which governments climb to power.

It is slowly dawning on the thinkers of every Party that the poverty problem is one that must be solved.

It is beginning to dawn on every political Party that the roots of the problem are fast embedded in the blind refusal of centuries to give the people the right to till the land that is their birthright.

For it is no longer denied that every human being has an inalienable right to life. How then can it be denied that every human being has also an inalienable right to the land without which there can be no life?

for Bread

by the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

roadstone in quantities sufficient to meet all demands; British roadstone is the finest in the world; its price is practically the same as the price of the foreign commodity.

Yet local authorities go abroad for their supplies! It's a strange world, my masters!

CONSIDER for a moment the effect of this foreign buying on the labour market. Quarrying is one of those industries in which labour accounts for nearly three-quarters of the cost of production. Stone is a natural wealth with which this country is plentifully endowed.

To be made available for the use of man, however, it has to be quarried, and between 70 per cent. and 80 per cent. of the cost of quarrying it is represented by the wages of labour.

What does this mean? It means that for every pound's worth of British roadstone bought by our local authorities—and they are practically the only buyers of roadstone there are—15s. goes into the pockets of the British working man, to be used in the buying of food, houses, coal and the hundred and one other things which he requires for his sustenance and his comfort.

It means, in fact, that there is so much more money in circulation in this country, and that the demand for everything is stimulated in consequence. It means, too, a reduction in unemployment, with a consequent saving in unemployment relief.

When foreign roadstone is bought, however, the reverse process is set up. Unemployment increases at home, and the money which should be circulating in this country circulates abroad.

It may be a good thing to relieve distress among the working classes of the Continent, but it is a still better thing to relieve distress among the workers at home, and the action of those local authorities who are patronising the foreigner in preference to the home producer is conduct which cannot but be described as unpatriotic and ill-advised.

THE Romans used British roadstone for the making of British roads nearly two thousand years ago. Many of these roads remain to-day to show us what roads really should be like. We have the same material at hand as the Romans had to make our roads. We might well take a leaf out of their book and use it.

By doing so we should be making better roads and at the same time helping an old-established British industry employing British labour, which is at present suffering serious dislocation through no fault of its own.

Good Milkers

Splendid pedigree milkers, pastured on the finest grazing land in the Country, are retained for the production of Ideal Milk. That is one reason why "Ideal," when diluted to accord with the legal standard, is 20% richer in cream than ordinary dairy milk.

Because of its richness, Ideal Milk goes further for every Household purpose. Use it for Milk Puddings, in Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, or undiluted in place of Cream.

Produced in England in the most modern hygienic condenseries. "Ideal" is Pure, Fresh and Clean, containing *no* sugar, *no* preservatives, colouring or thickening materials.

Your Grocer sells it.

IDEAL MILK

NURSING-HOMES: Ugly Facts

PARLOURMAIDS POSING AS NURSES

Death-traps for the Sick

NURSING-HOMES have increased greatly in number since the war, owing to the difficulty of getting domestic help and the lack of any facilities for nursing in the tiny modern house or flat.

The public is becoming uneasily conscious that while many nursing-homes are models of all they should be, there are some that, to put it mildly, do not give the services that are paid for, while others are almost death-traps.

So strong is the undercurrent of public feeling that the Government has appointed a Select Committee to enquire into the whole matter and a Bill, sponsored by Colonel Hurst, is before Parliament to make compulsory the registration and inspection of all nursing-homes.

As things are at present there is nothing to prevent any person without any knowledge of nursing whatever assuming the title of nurse and starting a home.

The nurse's discovery

This is the sort of thing that happens.

In a home charging twelve guineas a week a woman of slender means had gone for a very serious internal operation. The matron-proprietor had been a housekeeper in good families, and her only qualification was an impressive and sympathetic manner.

There was no trained nurse on the entire staff, but one could be sent for in case of urgent need. This nurse, coming in to look at another case, was asked to glance at this woman. "Though there is really no need," said the matron, "as she is a very good patient."

The trained nurse was horrified to discover the woman in a dying condition, nothing having been done for her in the time that had elapsed since the operation.

The uniformed girl in charge had previously been a parlour-maid with no experience of nursing whatever!

A terrible danger

In another case where the fees, exclusive of doctors and operation fees, amounted to £63 for twelve days, the linen had not been changed during the whole of that time.

Apart from the discomfort to a sick person of the smell of anæsthetics and blood-stained linen, there was the danger of septic poisoning. After an operation such as appendicitis the patient's life may depend on skilful dressing of the wounds.

Small homes have not the provision for sterilisation that hospitals or large establishments have. A doctor sending an urgent surgical case to a home that was already full, found, when complications caused enquiries to be made, that his surgically clean patient had been placed in a bed in which an infectious case had just died. The untrained "nurse" hadn't thought it mattered!

The sanitary conditions of many nursing-homes leave much to be desired. It is not at all unusual for infected linen to be sorted in, and for utensils containing infected excreta to be carried through, the kitchen where food is being prepared.

The doctor's blind eye

In one case all kinds of infected liquids were swilled down the only bath of the establishment, and two nurses habitually slept in this bathroom at night.

It may be said, "But isn't the doctor responsible for seeing that everything is all right?" Several doctors will habitually send their patients to one nursing-home in which they may have a perfectly legitimate interest.

Colonel Hurst, M.P., whose Bill to make registration of nursing homes compulsory is now before Parliament

But nursing is not the doctor's job. If he is busy and overworked, so long as things look all right on the surface, he is not likely to go poking round kitchens and lavatories.

Besides these surgical and medical homes, there are maternity homes, homes for nervous mental cases, and homes, often semi-charitable, for chronic cases.

The unwanted child

Under the Midwives Act there is already some control over maternity homes, but the new Bill for the registration of maternity homes will ensure a close supervision.

It is needed. Some of these homes specialise in cases where women, not without money, go to have an illegitimate child. Only too often the woman desires to hear nothing more about the little one.

The mental homes are those that need supervision most of all. So long as certifiable cases are not left, there is no supervision by the Board of Control. Feeble-minded or senile people are sent to these homes by relatives whose sole anxiety is to be rid of them without the stigma of either workhouse or asylum.

The fees are not so high, but often the overcrowding is serious and the sanitary conditions filthy. Drugs are regularly administered to keep any restless patients quiet. These unfortunates are helpless in the hands of cruel and sometimes drunken attendants.

The public is occasionally shocked, as in a recent case, by the suicide of some unhappy lunatic who has been cruelly treated, but direct evidence is almost impossible to get.

Relatives are only too anxious to avoid any scandal. Inspection from the outside is the only safeguard.

The wages and hours of work of the trained nurse in the hospital leave much room for improvement, but in nursing-homes run for private gain there is every inducement to cut down expenses.

In the case mentioned earlier in this article, the trained nurse brought in for occasional night duty received 15s. for two nights' attendance on a patient who was paying twelve guineas per week.

The shortage of staff increases the difficulty in a small home of the cleanliness so essential to health.

In one case, a girl who had previously been a cook, but had entered this home for training, was hurriedly called away from nursing an advanced case of syphilis to cook the food for the patients, as the cook had left in a temper at a moment's notice.

Wasted "training"

Cruel frauds are often practised on the nurses themselves. Girls will pay a premium, or agree to come for three years for their keep and pocket-money, to train as a nurse.

After wasting three precious years the unfortunate girl will discover that this so-called "training" will not be recognised by any hospital.

The best proprietors are themselves anxious for the State registration of nursing homes. Mere registration is not sufficient.

Any scheme must include supervision, skilled inspection, preferably by a highly trained nurse, and also the power to remove from the register any home which is found to be unsatisfactory.

The most difficult thing is to get evidence. If an employee comes forward she not only risks losing her present employment, but may find herself barred from future situations.

The truth must be told!

Certain doctors may strongly object to registration, and it is always urged that when a doctor receives patients into his own home there should be no question of supervision.

The honour of the medical profession is a very touchy thing, but while it is generally known that some doctors do take in a few patients at very high fees for certain operations, there is no reason for exempting them as a class.

Now that public attention has been focussed on these scandals by Colonel Hurst's Bill, it is to be hoped that the Government Committee that is investigating the matter will not allow itself to be side-tracked by powerful interests, but will insist on probing this unsavoury question to the bottom and letting the public know the truth.

FAMOUS MEN DRESSED BY BARRY (*Left to Right*):
Jack Hobbs, Steve Donoghue, Willie Smith, Jock Rutherford, Charlie Chaplin, J. W. Hearne, Syd. Jordan

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is positively the last word in tailoring perfection. The high esteem in which Barry-built clothes are held, incontestably proves this. The choicest materials are yours for the asking, the perfection of cut, style and fit are guaranteed to you as no other tailors have ever guaranteed them. We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay us if we fail to satisfy you completely and utterly. You run no risk with the Barry Service.

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Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

All Wool TWEED SUIT to measure for £2:0:0	A LONDON SHRUNK, TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN, 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT Made to Your Special Measure for £3:3:0	An £8:8:0 WORSTED SUIT to measure for £4:10:0

H. ST. JOHN COOPER

READ WHAT THIS FAMOUS NOVELIST SAYS of our SERVICE.

THE IVY HOUSE,
SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.

Messrs. S. A. Barry & Co., Ltd.
DEAR SIRS,
In acknowledging receipt of the Tweed Suit you have made me, I wish to say that I think it is amazing that you have turned me out such an exceptionally well-fitting suit, considering I have never paid you a personal visit. I have lately ordered three suits—two from West-end tailors, and one from a City tailor, I have called for measurement and fittings half-a-dozen times, till I am thoroughly sick of the process. The result has been three suits that I cannot possibly wear. Therefore, I naturally consider all the more credit is due to you that you can make a suit that requires absolutely no alteration without any fitting on whatever. I am enclosing the small balance of 4/- due to you. Thanking you,
Yours truly,
H. ST. JOHN COOPER.

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Original Price ~~45/-~~ Special Offer **30/-** POST PAID

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, for there is no coat on the market more serviceable in our variable climate. Why not seize this special offer and produce yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or snow. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this wonderful coat, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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To-day the regular use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets is an unmistakable mark of refinement.

Because modern ideas of personal care require a clean mouth and sweet breath.

Wrigley's brings these results in a very thorough way.

It loosens and flushes away the particles of food that have escaped the brush, cleanses the mouth through the antiseptic action of its pleasing flavour, then assists digestion by stimulating the flow of essential juices.

Wrigley's is a sweet, of course—a delightful sweet, enjoyed by people of all ages—freely, because it's so very inexpensive.

But it's a *useful* sweet as well, so effective an instrument of mouth cleanliness that refined people use it.

WRIGLEY'S

SATURDAY & SUNDAY

Week-ends . . . and hard wear on your trousers. You'd better do as most well-dressed men do—buy "232" Grey Flannels. Then you are as smart as you are comfortable. And you're ready for anything—from gardening to going out to tea. "232" Flannels are perfectly cut; specially woven for strength; made so they don't shrink and dyed-in-the-raw so they won't fade

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THERE'S A "232" AGENT NEAR YOUR HOME

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Outsizes slightly extra

Enquiries for nearest Agent to—Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

HELP FOR POLICY-HOLDERS

WE RECOVER MONEY FOR OUR READERS

Send us your Insurance Troubles

OUR readers, whose unanimous support we have in our campaign against the shameful scandal of the industrial assurance system, will learn with satisfaction that we are fighting a winning battle.

Already our Industrial Assurance Bureau, conducted by Mr. W. E. Mashford of the Policy-holders' Protection Association, has more than justified its existence.

As we anticipated, an incredible proportion of our correspondents have been found to have money owing to them by the companies.

Previously they were unaware of the fact. Their exploiters had traded on their ignorance of the law and of the true nature of the contract into which they had entered when they took out their policies.

The helpless are helpless no longer. With the assistance of our Bureau, they can and will recover whatever may be legally owing them.

Barefaced impudence

A striking case of success following our intervention is that of Mrs. Walker, a Hull widow, who is now £84 10s. richer than she was before the opening of our campaign. Mrs. Walker is a poor widow, with three small children to support.

Until recently, the mainstay of the family was an elder son, who was in the early twenties. From his infancy he had been insured by his thrifty mother, and the premiums had been paid regularly in good times and bad.

He died a few weeks ago, his policies having a total value of the amount mentioned above. The mother made the funeral arrangements herself on a modest scale, and naturally expected to have a nice balance left on the life policies to help her face her new trials.

When she called at the company headquarters she was told that the company, on its own authority, had settled with the undertaker, and *that there was nothing left for her!*

The company did not have the impudence to repeat its extraordinary statement when we made an appeal to the authorities, and the matter has now been settled.

Widows bluffed and misled

But how many poor widows in the past have been bluffed and tricked out of their legal rights when in similar circumstances?

If the truth were told it would make one of the most astonishing chapters in the whole history of this business.

Another of the cases to be successfully dealt with by our Bureau is that of Mr. W. D. Statham, of Aylesbury.

The amount involved is less than in the case of Mrs. Walker, and the attempted injustice less heartless, but the facts are possibly more typical of those affecting the majority of policy-holders whom we are in a position to assist.

All along, we have avoided exaggeration of the case against the industrial assurance companies. We intend to pursue that policy, although the more we delve into the secrets of this gigantic business, the more we are convinced that exaggeration is well-nigh impossible.

Money that is recoverable

Mr. Statham paid small weekly premiums on two policies, his contributions ultimately reaching the total of £37 2s. In 1923 he was unable to pay any longer, and he was under the impression that his policies had lapsed.

Mr. Bertram Fox, Chairman Hull and District Policy-holders' Protection Association, who has recovered many thousands for poor people

He was ignorant of the fact that, under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act of 1914, which prevented the lapsing of policies between the outbreak of war and March, 1924, unless in certain circumstances, he was still on the books of the company.

Now, as the result of his seeking the assistance of our Industrial Assurance Bureau, he has made good his claim to £16 1s. 3d., as the free policy value of his two policies.

There are an enormous number of people who, in similar circumstances, may recover larger or smaller amounts.

Enriched by tragedy

Again, there is Mrs. Cullen, of Warrington, who was recently widowed and left with three small children to support. Since 1908 she had kept up policies on her husband's life.

Owing to the ill-health and unemployment of the latter, payments ceased in 1923.

The poor woman did not know that under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act the policies were still valid, and the company concerned did not tell her.

Now she finds that, in spite of the unpaid premiums after 1923, she is entitled to receive £10 17s. in respect of her husband's death.

It would be hard to match the story of a family named Wilkinson, of Scarborough. Here we have an insurance company not neglecting to enrich itself out of circumstances of real tragedy and hardship.

A story of thrift on the part of a good housewife opens as long ago as 1898, with Mrs. Wilkinson, the mother of a family, commencing to insure her husband, a seafaring man, at the rate of 4d. per week.

Later she took out an additional policy on her husband's life, and another on her own life.

Three children were born to the couple, two of them being added to the list in 1909 and 1912 respectively. Through all the years, up to 1921, the premiums were paid regularly, totalling altogether £59 17s.

Then a blow fell. In 1921 Mrs. Wilkinson had to be taken to an asylum, where she still remains.

The husband was on a long voyage in the China Seas, and the home was broken up, the three children, all under twelve years of age, being sent to various places to be looked after.

There was no one to look into the matter of the assurance policies, which were, in fact, forgotten, until a friend of the family read our exposures and enquired into the whole matter.

It is now discovered that there are various amounts either actually due at the moment or to the credit of the family, making a total of £49 14s.

Cruel and shameful

It is shameful that there should be no law to force the companies in such cases as this to declare the amounts due. It may be a negative form of robbery, but it is none the less cruel.

Plain, honest folk find it difficult to credit that any business concern, claiming to be British, could conceivably stoop to the methods of the worst offenders of these industrial assurance companies. But the case against them is too overwhelming to admit of a doubt.

Consider this case. Mrs. Sarah Dutton, of North Shields, commenced to insure her mother in 1912, at 1s. a week. A year ago her husband fell into unemployment, and as she herself was now a cripple, the payment of premiums became impossible.

In all, £15 had been paid on a policy of just over half that amount. Two months ago the mother died, but nothing could be recovered for the funeral expenses.

Neither the crippled wife nor the unemployed husband were any concern of the company. Their only idea was profits, and they saw that they got them.

"Forty years ago," writes a correspondent from Bedford, "a relation of mine was insured by her family. I don't know how it happened, but when she died not long ago there was not enough paid by the company to cover the modest funeral expenses!"

Criminal apathy and silence

We can well believe it. But this we do know, that when the end of this monstrous system comes, as it must in spite of the criminal apathy and silence of our House of Commons, there will be no difficulties about the funeral.

It will be a public one, and the happiest that this country has seen for many a day!

Hartley's Policy

Jam will evaporate during storage.

To lessen the risk of our Jams reaching you short weight through evaporation we fill into the jars every year hundreds of thousands of lbs. more Jam than we actually charge for.

TO see that you get always absolute purity and

FULL VALUE

for your money.

The extreme care used in our fruit selection alone costs at least ½d. per lb. more than it need if we were less particular.

No pulp—no preservatives —no glucose—no colouring matter

Modern scientific laboratories—modern machinery—the latest packing methods, and our vast resources, which give us the pick of the fruit and sugar markets, enable us to make 100% standard for purity and quality.

Insist on Hartley's—it goes further and is **cheapest in the long run.**

Hartley's

Raspberry · Strawberry · Black-currant Jams & Marmalade

No. 10A

The Drink that likes YOU as much as you like IT

So-called "harmless" drinks, drinks that are "awfully good for you, you know" . . . you've a shrewd suspicion that they might like *you* all right, but it isn't likely that you would like *them*.

Instant Postum, however, is the one "good-for-you" drink that is good to drink. You will like it as much as it likes you. It doesn't depend upon the false stimulus of drugs to tickle your palate and liven you up. Its clean, smooth flavour and its delicious, fragrant tang is due to one thing only—its pure, wholesome goodness.

For Instant Postum is wheat as a drink—the whole of the plump golden grain skilfully roasted and sweetened with a little sugar-cane molasses. It comes in sparkling granules of goodness, instantly soluble in boiling water. It does you good because it is as good as it tastes.

Wherever there's a kettle singing on a hob, you can make Instant Postum as quickly as you can say, "Jack Robinson!"—for less than halfpenny a cup.

Give it a month's trial

You can't expect to discover how much better Instant Postum is for you than other hot drinks unless you give it a fair trial; can you? So we suggest that you drink it, not once or twice, not even "now and again for a change," but steadily, for, say, a month. That will give you a real chance to prove how much good it does you—how much better you really do feel for drinking it regularly. In order to start you on this test, we will send you the first week's supply—free.

FREE!—*Post the Coupon to-day*

The Grape Nuts Co., Ltd., Dept. B.U.6. 5 Chancery Lane London, W.C.2

I should like to give Instant Postum a month's trial. Please send me, free of cost and without obligation, the first week's supply.

Name _____

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Please write VERY Plainly!

Most good grocers sell Instant Postum—45-cup tin 1/7; 90-cup tin 2/8. Instant Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include Post Toasties (Double-thick Indian Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape Nuts.

HEADACHE

Neuralgia Toothache and all other Pains and Aches quickly relieved and banished by A-K Tablets. For 35 years Antikamnia has been used and proved. 25 millions sold annually. Test for yourself Free. Send a Post Card or the Coupon below.

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Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

FREE COUPON

Please send me free of all cost Trial package

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

TESTED JB

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
Proprietors of "John Bull."

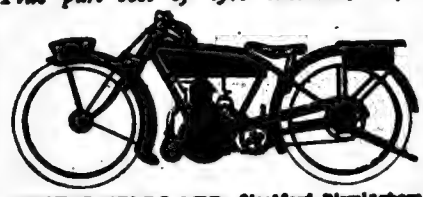
LEVIS

TWO STROKE

A distinctive machine with all the power, speed, comfort and economy you can possibly require.

MODEL M, £34 MODEL K, £39

Plus part cost of tyre increase, 10/-.



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Feel well —take Hall's Wine

This is the time when you want to feel well. You WILL if you take HALL'S WINE. The dull days are gone—let Hall's Wine make you bright, strong, vigorous, full of life. A week on Hall's Wine will give you tone and energy—make you feel your old self again.

Buy a bottle to-day. Be sure you get Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC.

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Price 5/-

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MOTHER USED

SOAP FOR SPRING CLEANING

FREE SAMPLE OF FELS-NAPTHA

Sign and tear out this Coupon. Post it to (Dept. G), A. C. Fincken & Co., 197, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1. A *free sample* will be sent you in return.

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961

In Sunshine Ward

THE SUICIDE'S SUNSHINE

Broken-Heart's Bargain

by PHILIP INMAN

A FEW months ago I had a visit from a girl in the early twenties. Her face was clouded with sorrow. It also suggested hours of weeping, and her general condition was one of utter and complete despondency.

She rather startled me by saying, "I have come to sell you my body."

After a moment's hesitation, she explained herself.

"I understand that hospitals purchase people's bodies after they are dead for experimental purposes, and I should like to dispose of mine in that way. A week from to-day you can have it."

I thought the best thing was to treat the matter as a joke, and I asked my visitor what assurance I should have that she would "deliver the goods."

In a voice throbbing with indignation she replied, "I have never broken my word in my life, and I am not likely to break the last one I shall ever make.

"A week to-day," she went on earnestly, "you will find my body in the Thames, and I will leave instructions that you are to have it on condition that you now pay me £50."

The girl was so persistent that, in spite of all attempts to the contrary, I could not turn her thoughts into other channels. So to gain time I discussed the question with her.

I asked her why she intended to do it, and what she proposed to do with the money. Then she told me her story. For two years she had been engaged to be married, but a bitter quarrel shattered all her ideals.

Through with life, she thought the best thing would be to end it. But she wanted to pass away honourably. That is why she wished to sell her body.

During the courtship she estimated that her fiancé had spent £30 upon her. She did not want to be in his debt, and he was to have the first claim on the £50. The balance was to be utilised for the payment of her funeral expenses.

The day my visitor called was one of the busiest in my year and I had appointments lasting from early morning till late at night. But it was impossible to treat the visit as a joke.

The ridiculous side may be the first to strike most of us, but there was nothing ridiculous about it for the girl. She was serious about it, and it seemed a tragedy that a girl of such an age should even contemplate throwing up the sponge.

So for three hours I remained with her. I pleaded and reasoned, but it seemed to no purpose. Some people might say: "Why not let the silly girl go? Such an one is not worth bothering about."

To that opinion I hold an entirely different view. In my experience I have seen dope addicts, down-and-outs, and those who have dwelt in the lowest depths of the underworld raised from degradation to decent citizenship.

That is why I counted it not a loss to spend my time in the hospital. That night the great god of Pride had its *debacle*.

Surreptitiously I had sent for the man in the case, and after seeing them both privately, a reunion was ultimately effected, and the two left me some hours later happy and contented.

In my hand as I write I hold a small piece of cardboard. It is the invitation to the wedding of these two, which was celebrated in a West End church on Easter Saturday.

Accompanying the card was a brief note, in which the girl speaks of her wonderful happiness, and of the joy that has returned to their lives.

This is how she ends. "I was out of my mind, and had lost my soul when I came to see you, but, thank God, I regained it before it was too late."

The Sentence of the Court

Misrule of the Road

The Bam Bam Trammy Snore

WEARING the red carnation with which he habitually adorns his buttonhole (presumably in an effort to lend colour to a somewhat colourless personality), Lieut.-Col. W. Ashley, Minister of Transport, pleaded "Not Guilty" to a charge of obstructing the traffic.

"The main complaint against the accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is that he has acted like a military martinet in connection with a matter which called for clear thinking and delicate handling.

"In an ill-conceived attempt to mitigate traffic congestion, he began operations on the Uxbridge Road by curtailing the journeys of popular 'buses in the hope of inducing people to travel by unpopular trams.

"The 'pirate' 'buses, many of which are operated by ex-Service men, have been driven to open defiance, their rich rivals have gained nothing, and the public has been exasperated by the haughty manner in which the accused treated a petition, bearing a million signatures, protesting against his uncalled-for restrictions.

"The Ministry's new order does not seriously perturb the wealthy L.G.O. combine, but a proportionate reduction in the number of independent 'buses means ruin for some of the small proprietors.

"This is too much like robbing poor Peter to provide dividends for a bloated Paul. Endeavouring to solve London's traffic problem by such petty methods is about as sensible as employing a toothpick to break into the Bank of England."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the new order was based on the legitimate assumption that those first in the field—namely, the trams—were entitled to most consideration. Sentimental nonsense about driving off the roads the "small capitalists" who owned the independent 'buses was beside the point.

* * *

"If the quaint idea that those first in the field are entitled to most favour were carried to its logical conclusion," said Mr. Justice Bull, "the public might still be forced to travel in stage coaches.

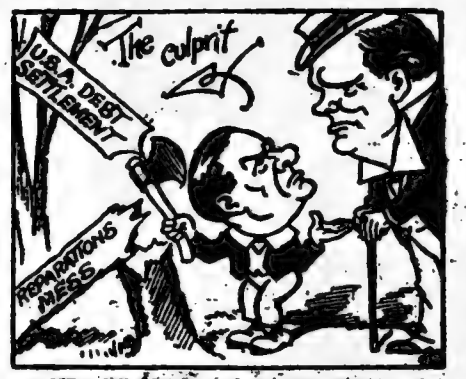
"That the trams are not paying is the best comment upon their suitability to present-day needs, and the attempt to sacrifice the independent 'bus-owners in the interest of these derelicts appears even more glaringly unjust when it is remembered that the trams had not paid a dividend for fourteen years before the 'pirate' 'buses arrived.

"The traffic problem will not be solved by arbitrary and inconsiderate actions which create new grievances without removing old evils. A habit of leaving the 'tact' out of 'tactics' is characteristic of the military mind, and in this matter Colonel 'Hashley' has been true to brass-hatted tradition.

"In the circumstances, I must take the extreme course of sentencing him to transportation by tram for the term of the unnatural strife his action has created."

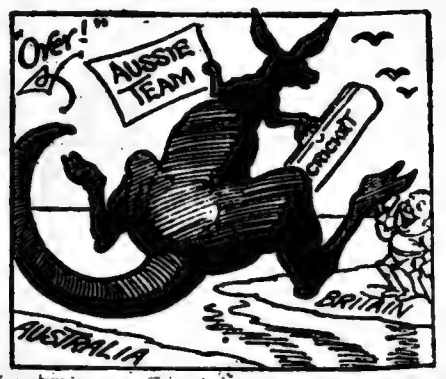
Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



"Who felled that tree?" said Winston C.
To Baldwin, with a frown:
"I cannot tie," was B.'s reply,
"'Twas I that choppe' it down."

To all things new this stone-age crew
Bring minds antagonistic.
So schemes, tho' good, must be withstood
Which they think "Socialistic."



When in each team we've got the cream
Of bowlers, fields and batters,
And in the Test one MUST go west,
It's still THE GAME that matters.

The Dull Emitter which defies old age

LISZT'S beautiful Rhapsody Hongroise—full of dramatic fire and brilliantly contrasted passages—was being broadcast. Away in the Studio, the artiste's fingers tripped lightly over the ivory keys. At home, the family sat enthralled—captivated by the richness and emotion of the masterpiece which won for its composer a niche in the Hall of Fame.

And then suddenly . . . dead silence. A valve in the Receiving Set had burnt out.

What causes a valve to burn out prematurely? Excessive heat—nothing else—is the devastating influence. All metals when heated expand—when cool, they contract. A valve filament constantly expands or contracts as the current is turned on or off. The higher the temperature, in fact, the greater the expansion. Such treatment, in course of time, produces brittleness and inevitably renders the filament very susceptible to fracture.

This was the problem Cossor set out to solve—and so successfully unriddled—by the invention of the triple-coated filament used only in the Wuncell Dull Emitter Valve.

Whereas in most dull emitters, low current consumption has been obtained by the use of extremely fine filaments operating at temperatures as high as 2000°, the Wuncell ensures economy by entirely different methods. Its special filament is *triple-coated* to ensure a prolific electron stream at only 800°—practically the temperature of the embers of a dying match.

Further, its filament is practically as stout as that used in any bright emitter. Because of this, and the fact that its working temperature is so much lower than hitherto thought possible, heat has little or no effect upon it.

As a result the Wuncell has already won a great reputation throughout this country and abroad among broadcast listeners as the one dull emitter "which really defies old age."

Types and Prices:

*W.1. For Detector and L.F. use. 1·8 Volts. Consumption: ·3 amps.	14/-
*W.2. (With red top) for H.F. use. 1·8 Volts. Consumption ·3 amps.	14/-
W.3. The Loud Speaker Valve. 1·8 Volts. Consumption ·3 amps.	18/6
*Also in special base with resistance to suit 2-, 4- or 6-volt Accumulator	16/-

Cossor Valves

Issued by A. C. Cossor, Ltd., Highbury Grove, London, N.5

Gilbert Ad. 4916

Is that CORN COMING BACK AGAIN?

Did you merely cut the top off? And is the *ROOT STILL THERE?* If it is, the corn will certainly come back bigger than ever. The business end of a corn is the *ROOT* and you must get that *OUT.* The *top* doesn't matter.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come, root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Burns Sweetly and Smoothly— ***but never burns your tongue.***

EACH pipeful of St. Julien has a fine mellow flavour which lasts right to the very end. Only selected virginia tobacco, matured to perfection, can give you such sweet-smoking qualities.

St. Julien

TOBACCO

Cool—Fragrant—Long Lasting

PER 10½d. OZ.

J 252

Words Winged to Women

YOKED TO A BEAST

A Widow in Fetters

by MABEL HORNER

TO-DAY two of the most distressing documents I have ever read have come into my hands. One is a newspaper report of proceedings in a police court. The other is a letter detailing the agonising fetters that the law has put around the mother of the little girl in the case. For the sake of this little child I shall not give names, nor state the town where the affair took place.

The terrible facts are these. My correspondent was a widow with one little girl. She married again in 1917. Since then two other little girls have been born.

The innocence of his own children has no softening effect upon this second husband. To put it bluntly, he is a brute, and, brute-like, has worked his will upon his little step-daughter of eight. For this unspeakable offence he was convicted and served a sentence of six months' imprisonment for "improper conduct."

On his release his unfortunate wife was told by solicitors that she had no grounds for a separation. She would "have to take him back and give him another chance."

She took him back. In less than six months he was again in jail, this time for a year. He had repeated his unspeakable offence against the same little girl.

Tragedy and farce

Outraged in every fibre of her being, the mother, in the passing of the Summary Jurisdiction (Separation and Maintenance) Act of 1925, saw a gleam of hope. That Act provides that a wife can obtain separation on the ground that her husband is guilty of persistent cruelty to her child. She decided to apply for a separation on these grounds.

Her case was opened with a simple statement of the facts, and a remark that her case was covered by the Act. Then came the solicitor for the husband, brisk and business-like. He said, "I admit the facts. If you will mention the date of the last alleged cruelty, I hope to cut short the proceedings."

The date was given. It was May 5, 1925. That settled it. The Bench was triumphantly informed that the case could not be dealt with under the 1925 Act, because it did not come into force until September, 1925, and the offence was committed in May.

In short, *the man was being summoned for an offence which had not been an offence when committed!*

Was there ever under heaven a more farcical method of treating such a desperate tragedy of child life? Yet, impressed by this sound legal reasoning, the magistrates dismissed the case.

Thrown back into the furnace

There is only one comment to make in such a case. Although summary dismissal of this poor woman's application may be in strict accordance with the letter of the law it is poles apart from the spirit in which the law to protect child life from evil men was framed.

The Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1925 was passed in consequence of terrible evidence gathered from every responsible social worker in the kingdom. Public opinion was aroused. The Government, after patiently weighing the mass of facts, made the Act purposely strong.

Naturally, it would be impossible to make new Acts retrospective in their action. But the spirit that prompts constant amendment of the law should find its echo in every case that comes before the police courts.

Mabel Horner

It is monstrous that a little child appealing for the shelter of the law should be thrust back into the furnace of danger, for that is what it amounts to when a girl of eight is forced to live in the same house with a man who has outraged her.

The little thing must be again assaulted before she can become eligible, through her mother, for relief! That relief is not afforded now because she happened to be sinned against before this Act was passed and made law.

Rousing the mother-heart

Reduced to this absurdity, such a case must arouse the mother-heart in every woman, and make them more interested in both the framing of the law and its administration.

It is easy enough to see that, left to the cold conclusions of the purely legal mind—the temperament that works by rule and rote—and knows neither passion nor humanity, our little children are not safe.

A Blow for the Doctors

by THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON

ALL is not well with the nation's health. No one can read the figures of the death-rate for 1924 without a feeling of horror and impotence.

That over 60,000 should die from heart disease, 50,000 from cancer, 41,000 from tuberculosis, 38,000 from pneumonia, and 19,000 from influenza would seem to many to be a nasty blow to our doctors and health officers.

But rather is it a slur on the nation as a whole, despite the fact that our standard of health, compared with Continental nations, is good.

The progress made and the knowledge gained, particularly the knowledge of preventive medicine or the ways and means of personal hygiene and well-being, can do nothing of itself unless it be understood, accepted and practised by the people.

THIS will never be realised until there is possessed by the people of the land—what many of them to-day have not got, and many of them do not seem to want—a public health conscience.

Tuberculosis, which to a superficial observer might appear to be a diminishing terror, is still one of the most active menaces to our well-being. Yet many of those who present themselves at the various tuberculosis dispensaries in the country are in a most advanced state when they come.

Of those who come to the venereal disease clinics, where the best treatment can be obtained, absolutely free and in secret, many leave before they are cured, and thus become a greater danger than ever.

Diphtheria is spread because so many mothers do not seem to realise that the patient is suffering from an infectious disease. Many cases of severe heart disease in children occur because the parents do not know that growing pains are serious.

NOR are our figures of maternal mortality any more encouraging. Out of 2,703 deaths of lying-in women, no fewer than 1,018 were, in 1924, certified as due to blood-poisoning. Ante-natal care, as potent a preventive cause as any, still appears an irksome fussiness to far too many expectant mothers.

But most of the danger lurks in the persons of the attendants, and when it is possible to say that in one of our most important cities the qualified midwife has a struggle to make a living while the "handy woman" flourishes exceedingly, the source of the scandal is sufficiently obvious.

We are officially told that the nation loses by death 3,000 mothers a year in childbirth, and tens of thousands of young mothers are unnecessarily damaged or invalided thereby every year.

Much of this maternal mortality and sickness could be prevented by proper supervision of the expectant mother's health during pregnancy.

Yet only a small proportion of the 700,000 mothers who give birth to children submit themselves to ante-natal supervision. The facilities are available, but they are insufficiently used.

As for the children, it is but cold comfort to know that while the general figures of infantile mortality are lower, 1924 saw an increase in the death of infants under twelve months, especially among the illegitimate.

In 1923 more than 32,000 children died from diseases in large measure preventable. Again we must put some onus of blame at the door of the parents.

The amount of economic waste is simply appalling when put in terms of the consequent lost weeks of work. In 1924 23,000,000 weeks were lost.

NO one will deny that the above figures of preventable disease are quite bad enough, however we may regard them. That enteric, for instance, should be on the upward trend is a disgrace to British local government.

Herein lies the importance of creating what I have termed a public health conscience. Certainly a nation which cheerfully consumes the foulest milk, permits the sophistication of its food with poisonous chemicals, neglects to exercise, and literally sins against the light, stands in every need of it.

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Human Documents

A Birth-Control Ban

An Unworthy Son—The Buried Lie—Repugnant Marriage

"MY wife and I are placed in a position which apparently leaves us only two alternatives—our faith, with a life of misery, or a life of comparative comfort ex-communicated from the Church.

"We have a family of four, aged nine, seven, five and two respectively. I am paid the princely wage of £1 19s. 8d. a week, with meals that are so largely uneatable that I have to feed at home.

"My wife, who is in every sense a helpmate, earns an additional 12s. 6d. a week.

"After we have paid rent, coals, clothing clubs, gas, etc., there is not a very big margin left for food, and our chief concern is to try to bring up our children properly nourished and cared for.

"Since our last baby was born we have been practising birth-control with every success, but this has involved our abstention from our religious duties.

"As you probably know, any attempt at restriction is rigidly discountenanced by the Roman Catholic Church.

"There are only two courses left open. We must either continue to increase our family, or totally abstain from intimate marital relationship.

"It seems terrible to me that we should be asked to live an unnatural life and beat down our natural instincts at the behest of our spiritual advisers.

"WHEN I consider my paltry wage and the struggle of rigid economy which is necessary in order to make it suffice for the bare necessities of life for my family, I cannot bring myself willingly to introduce further children into the little world of ours which contains no adequate means of support for them.

"Yet, apparently, I am expected to blind myself to these hard facts in order to preserve my soul from eternal damnation.

"If I had a horse and half-starved it, I should probably get six months' imprisonment. Am I to half-starve innocent babies in order to retain my hopes of salvation?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I cannot undertake to arbitrate between the ministers and followers of any branch of religion, but it seems to me that so long as you desire to avail yourself of whatever consolation you find in your faith you must be prepared to abide by the precepts of its teachers. Your views of birth-control are sound common sense. Your religion is a matter for your conscience.*

* * *

"I AM the youngest of a family of twelve, six of whom survive, and I am myself married and the mother of several little ones. My mother is a widow, rapidly approaching the allotted span, and the evening of her life is overshadowed by the base conduct of her eldest son, a drunken wastrel, who thinks nothing of squandering his 'dole' on betting and leaving the poor old lady to starve.

Starved by Betting

"When in drink he becomes violent and abusive, and he has even been in prison for thirty days for striking her.

"She worked until quite recently, when her failing strength compelled her to give it up, and largely through her son's neglect she has been evicted from her home and is now living in rooms with her worthless son.

"I have gone daily to do what I could for her, and one morning my little boy took in a letter addressed to the son, and, childlike, partly tore it open before bringing it to me. I was horrified to discover that it was a communication from my brother's old enemy, the tipster.

"Several similar communications have been delivered since, and I have kept them instead of handing them to my brother, for I know quite well that if he received them he would rush straight away to back the horses.

"Do you think I am doing right in withholding these tipster's letters? It seems deceptive, I know, but I have done it for my mother's sake."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is unwise for you to intercept communications addressed to anyone else. If your worthless brother squanders his money and leaves your mother so destitute that it is necessary for her to apply to the guardians, he could be compelled to maintain her and punished if he neglected to do so.*

* * *

"AS the eldest son of a large family, I am very troubled regarding a discovery I made during my father's fatal illness.

A Lie that Died

"His wages were paid fortnightly, and during his life-time I always had my doubts as to whether he was frank with my mother as to what he earned.

"When he was on what proved to be his deathbed he asked me to draw the pay due to him, and give it to my mother, keeping back a certain amount.

"I did as he asked, and it was a pleasure to see the look of relief in my mother's face when I gave her the money.

"She had had suspicions that he had been deceiving her, and receiving the same as usual seemed to put her mind at rest on the matter.

"Now that he has gone my mother is continually reproaching herself for what she considers the ungenerous suspicions she had in her mind.

"I know quite well that they were justified, and it is on my conscience that I helped my father to deceive my mother to the end.

"Do you think I should tell her everything, or should I hold my tongue about the deceit my father practised, even on his deathbed?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*I think the adage that nothing but good should be spoken of the dead may apply here. Nobody would benefit by the disclosure of your father's deceit, and your mother's self-reproach need do no harm if it helps to keep his memory sweet. Let the lie remain buried with him.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

Toiling to the Grave

"HUMANIST" tells the story this week of a woman who has toiled until she is nearly seventy to bring up her children, only to find that her eldest son neglects to care for her as he should.

There are many dear old souls who toil almost to the brink of the grave without relatives to help them and they live in constant dread of the workhouse. You can help to ease their burdens by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. See page 38.

"A FEW years ago I met a man with whom I have since corresponded regularly, though I have seen little of him, his home being far away from mine. However, we became engaged to be married, and last year I went to stay at his home for the holidays. I am sorry to say that when I returned I was an expectant mother.

Unworthy Mate

"My fiancé urged me to marry and I set about making preparations, when suddenly I seemed to realise how utterly blind I had been to the selfishness of this man's real character.

"While staying in his home I could not help noticing that his own family seemed to dislike him and since what has occurred they almost appear to regard the circumstance as a blessing in disguise as his marriage would rid them of him.

"I have now, therefore, to face either unmarried motherhood or a marriage, the thought of which has become repugnant to me. I cannot possibly see any hope of happiness as this man's wife, and I feel I would rather face social ostracism than go through with it.

"I wonder which you think the lesser evil, and will you kindly tell me whether the man's offer of marriage, if refused, debars me from obtaining maintenance?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I cannot counsel you to marry a man for whom you feel such repugnance, and his offer of marriage in no way absolves him from his obligations to the child he has begotten. You must, however, devote your life to service to your child in atonement for the sin in which you participated.*

* * *

Mother's Children

"I am bigamously married to a man who cruelly ill-treats me. I would leave him but for our two children. They are all I have left to love, and he says that if I go away he will claim them."

"Humanist" says: *If you are not legally married your children are illegitimate and the father has no right over them whatever. You should leave him, taking the children with you, and make a claim against him for their maintenance.*

A Mercenary Mother

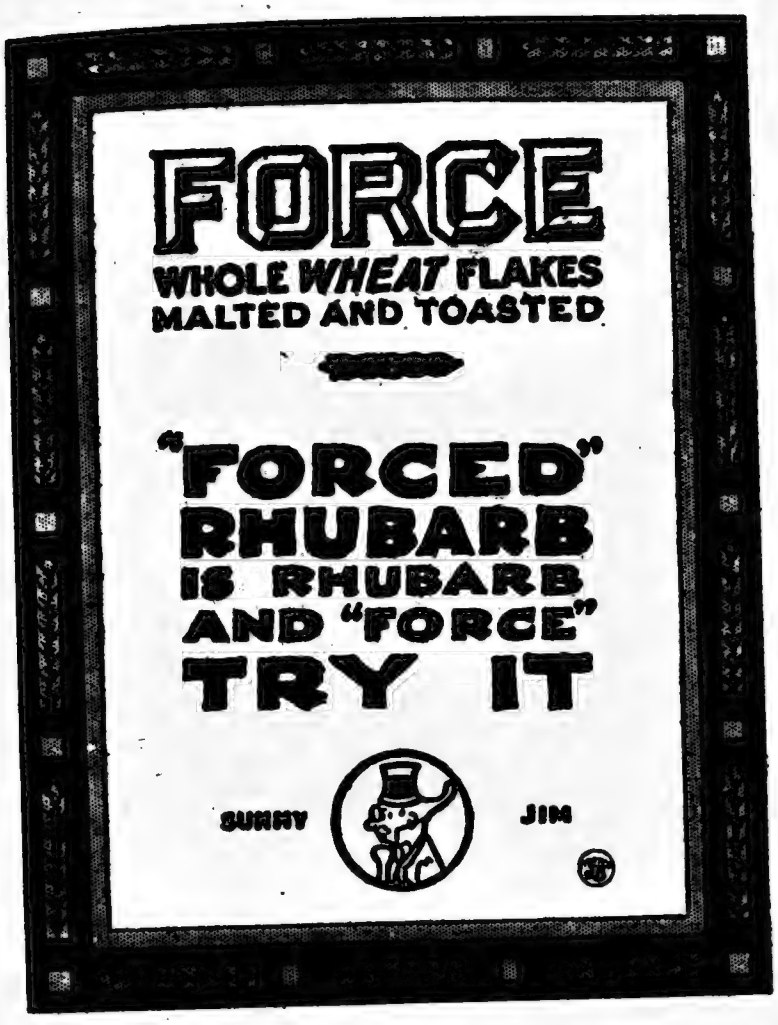
"All my life as a boy my grandmother has looked after me and provided for all my wants. Now that I am fourteen and leaving school my mother says she wants me at home and declares that she can force me to go to her. I would much rather stay with my granny and try to help her. Which should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *A boy of fourteen cannot be compelled to live with his mother, and I certainly think it is your duty to devote your earnings to your granny if she has made herself entirely responsible for your upbringing.*

The Danger of Adoption

"Three months ago we adopted a little boy, it being understood that there should be complete surrender. We are becoming very much attached to the little one, but I fear the mother is making a convenience of us and may claim the child when it is old enough to earn money. Would it not be better to return it at once?"

"Humanist" says: *Adoption with complete surrender is not at present recognised by law, though there is a Bill before Parliament which would give foster-parents complete control. If you have reason to believe that the mother may reclaim the child, you should certainly return it before the parting becomes too painful.*



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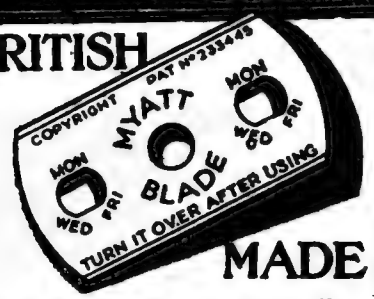

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Our Letter Parliament

Who Shall Pay the Price?

France's Folly—Incentive to Well-doing—Clerical Bigotry

A Shabby Trick

Mr. A. J. Cook's article is interesting, but he does not state one of the causes why the mines do not pay. I know of one case where coal of which the pit head price is approximately 18s. is being sold to pig-iron works at about 14s. It seems strange to sell at a loss, but a financial interest in the pig-iron works has lately been acquired by the mine-owners. So they are selling cheap coal to themselves in their efforts to show the mines do not pay.—*Fair Play, Norfolk.*

The Miner's Burden

It is reasonable to say that the Coal Commission should not ask the miners to make further sacrifices in order to restore the industry. Surely the hard-working miner carries a heavy enough burden as he grovels in the bowels of the earth, hacking at the coal which may at any moment crush out his very life blood.—*Justice, Edinburgh.*

More Thinking, Less Haggling

Years ago I was associated with the table-knife horn haft trade. From America came the zylonite handles and horn handles on a large scale were not an economic proposition to buyers. The industry had to put on their thinking caps Some manufacturers discovered other outlets for their products of which previously they had never dreamed. Has every possibility of the coal by-product mark is been considered? More time spent in thinking over this and less in haggling about wages in an uneconomic industry will make for progress.—*M. M. J., Filey.*

The Employers' Lesson

Mr. A. J. Cook has made out a strong case for the maintenance of the miner's wage The solution of the problem lies in increased production, and in so far as this is a labour question, it is amazing that the owners can expect to solve it by reducing wages. Ill-paid, underfed, disgruntled men will not increase output. When will employers learn that low wages inevitably mean low production and low profits?—*D. S. D., Deptford.*

No Policy

Mr. A. J. Cook's article is full of restraint and reasoned utterance. One only feels that if he had been consistently as restrained we might have sooner got nearer a peaceful settlement. The owners have presented no statesmanlike or constructive policy. Compromise will of necessity have to be the order of the day, but there is a real desire to make the miner's lot a more comfortable one.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

An Impossible Solution

With some of Mr. A. J. Cook's utterances many will disagree, but all will be with him in that the miners' wages must not be reduced as one of the solutions of the coal problem. Their present wages are deplorably low, and to expect them to make a sacrifice in that vital direction would be ill advised and unfair.—*Harry Clinton, Warminster.*

The Premier's Job

It does you credit to open your columns to the Miners' Secretary. It reveals the fact that there is more sense in the man than is apparent when one reads quotations from his platform barkings, which the stunt Press is ever ready to pounce upon. The Commission's report contains many good points and some doubtful. The Premier can give the answer to the query, "Is it Peace or War?" by stepping boldly in now, adopting the good and rejecting the bad.—*Dick, Notts.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

"John Bull" Justice

In your issue of February 20 "The Sentence of the Court" was passed upon Mr. A. J. Cook. This week, March 27, I find this same gentleman one of your chief contributors. I do not charge you with inconsistency, neither will the mass of your readers; but rather will they join with me in praise of this impartial justice and true sense of fairplay. You set the moral standard the whole Press needs!—*W. H. Matthews, Herts.*

Strange Logic

Two years in a factory would prove an invaluable experience for parsons. It would help to remove the gulf which to-day exists between clergy and laity. A local vicar during his sermon suggested, in all sincerity, that all young men earning £1 per week should at least put silver in the collection. How does he think any young man could live on that ridiculous sum, with board costing at least 30s. per week?—*J. A., Durham.*

Fit Punishment

A hundred years ago a baker selling underweight loaves was made to ride a horse through Cheapside, with his face towards its tail, on his way to the pillory, and the purveyor of unfit meat was placed on the pillory, beneath which burned the putrid meat seized on his premises. To-day they get off with a fine! The best modern antidote for this cancer which breeds cancer is the lash, and the sooner the authorities realise this the better for the health of the nation.—*Geo. G. Fraser, Glasgow.*

A Slap in the Face

General Bramwell Booth's declaration that humanity is marching vigorously towards the millennium is a slap in the face well merited to those who hold that the world is fast speeding to decay. The value of such a considered opinion as General Booth's cannot be over-estimated. It is at once a tonic for those brave souls who are striving to make the world a better place, and an incentive to those who are inclined sometimes to be weary of well-doing to continue their good work.—*Senex, Elgin.*

Our Daily Bread

I had occasion a short time back to repair some bread trays and troughs, and I had to scrape off at least ¼ in. of filth before the wood could be got at to be repaired. Every Public Health Department should have a staff of food inspectors apart from sanitary inspectors, these latter gentlemen having their time fully occupied in coping with matters of sanitation and infectious diseases.—*Cleanliness, Ipswich.*

A National Scandal

Sir E. Wild's comments on the grave national scandal of "peddling" improper pictures ought to wake interest in the right quarter. Nude photographs of girls are becoming almost as common as cigarette-cards. I know of one works with its "private collection" proudly shown to visitors. JOHN BULL's firm stand should bring "trade suppliers" to deserved imprisonment.—*Plain Citizen, Burton-on-Trent.*

Practical Help

Allotment-holders in Manchester have agreed to plant a dozen potatoes each on their allotments and give the resulting crop to their infirmary. Everything will be done gratis, and it is anticipated that at least £1,000 will be thus saved in infirmary expenditure. This is an example that is worth following throughout the country.—*D. Anderson, Cheshire.*

Police Gratitude

As the person mentioned in your paragraph, "Heroic Assistance," concerning my assistance to a constable struggling with two men, allow me to state as a tribute to the police of the Central Division, Sheffield, that the constable whom I assisted came to my home later and asked me what present I desired, up to the value of a certain sum, collected amongst his comrades. I selected a wall clock, and in addition they handed me the sum of twenty shillings to buy a few luxuries for my little boy, during his convalescence. You will therefore see that the police themselves recognise the assistance of civilians in a very practical way.—*John K. Marshall, Sheffield.*

Pharisees Up to Date

Having been out of employment since October 31, 1925, I applied for a post as superintendent of a boys' home in London, my wife to assist. Our qualifications for this work are excellent, and our references of the highest order, including those from business firms, clergymen and ministers. At the interview, with a clergyman in the chair, the catechism was as follows: "Does Mr. A. belong to the Church of England?" "No, sir, a Wesleyan, an active worker for thirty years." "Has he been confirmed?" "No, sir." "Then his application cannot be considered."—*G. G. B., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY NEWS":—"An accompanying party of spearmen wore WHITE ORANGE turbans and sashes."

"ANSWERS":—"In one corner of the room SQUARE tins of EVERY SHAPE were piled."

"ST. HELEN'S NEWSPAPER AND ADVERTISER":—"Whit MONDAY falls on the third SATURDAY."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS" (advert.):—"Two large-size one-piece dresses, loose-fitting, 2s. EACH, or 35s. THE TWO."

"NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE": "For several hours they tramped the moors, but were UNABLE to locate the body and REMOVED IT to the Poor Law, aided by the gamekeeper."

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Law and Lawyers

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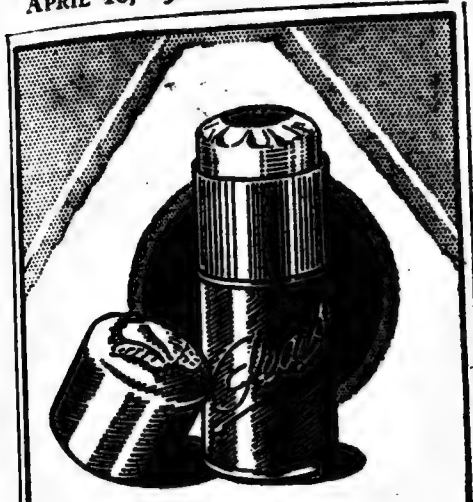

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has the advantages of both stick and cream. It is most attractively packed in a container that permits you to use it to the last scrap.

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The Open Road

CHOOSING THE CAR

Snags to Avoid

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

THE importance of taking advice before choosing one's first car or motor-cycle cannot be too strongly emphasised. The transaction is not so simple as buying a pair of boots, for if the result is disappointing the sacrifice to be made may be considerable.

The vehicle which one buys may be an excellent job in every way, but if it is not quite suitable for the particular purposes and conditions for which it is required, it may be necessary to dispose of it at such a price that the margin between the purchase price and the second-hand price is out of all proportion to the short length of time you make use of it.

For that reason alone, if for no other, it is advisable to obtain the advice of a motoring friend or to consult an expert before making the first purchase.

In the long run, the expert will probably be cheaper, for a friend's knowledge generally is limited to the comparatively few makes which he has driven.

Above all, avoid purchasing a purely experimental car that has not gone into production on a commercial scale.

IN choosing a car, it is well to look ahead, for sooner or later you will wish to sell. Other things being equal, the car you need is the one which will fetch the better price secondhand.

It is a good plan, therefore, to study the prices which previous models of the makes under consideration are fetching in the second-hand market.

With several hundred models from which to choose, it is essential to adopt a rational narrowing-down process, in order to arrive at the best decision.

The first consideration in the majority of cases is price; then comes the amount you can afford to set aside for running expenses.

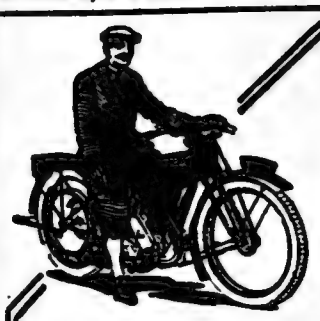
The nature of the country over which you will generally travel is another consideration. The effect of the gears, in enabling low-powered machines to climb steep hills, does not alter the fact that a car of higher power is more desirable in hilly country.

If your country is flat, perhaps a lower-powered car will suffice, and enable you to run to some special body refinements which you might be unable to afford on the more powerful model.

LABOUR-SAVING features are an important matter for the owner who will look after the car himself. The neatest-looking chassis, or rather the chassis which to the novice may look neatest, may present special difficulties when access is required to the "innards."

Generally speaking, the cheaper the car of given size and power, the more accessible should be the various components, for it is reasonable to assume that they may require more frequent attention than a more expensive model.

Nevertheless, many cars which are produced cheaply by methods of mass-production are quite as reliable as others which may be more costly by reason of the greater amount of hand labour expended on their production.



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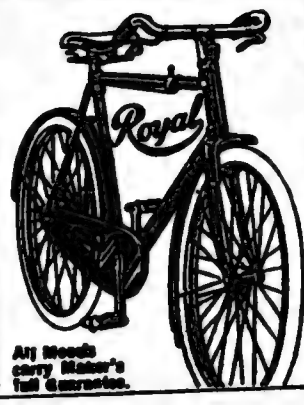

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Daily Mail:

"By two doubles, each of £1 on the winners of the Lincoln and Grand National, Peter Agar, a colliery worker of South Castleton, near Sunderland, has won £4,500 and stands to win a further £16,000 on a 5s. treble if Green Fire wins the City and Suburban Handicap."

29/3/26

—it was obviously unnecessary to state that these investments were made with

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"Almost every person in the village (Acaster Malbis) had money on the horse."

—Daily Express.

It is an eloquent testimony that the majority of these backers made their investments with

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The April Nap Hand

Zionist and Blue Pete for the First Trick—Two-Year-Old Money-Spinners—Stanley Wootton's Stable—The Calcutta Sweepstake

THERE is a nice little nap hand to be elucidated this month—the Newbury Cup, followed by the peas of the Epsom carnival, the Great Met. and City and Sub., and finally the first two Classics. My Turf accountant, who is always ready to lay anything on four legs, tells me that, thanks to the King of all Clubs and Little Jack Horner, there is very little doing on any of the events, but he has visions of some more bolts from the blue. May he be obliterated !

Zionist Should Win

Wise punters will devote their attention to the Newbury Cup and continue to ignore the trappy Epsom Handicaps and the Guineas. I am afraid Zionist will be a hot order for the Cup, but he is bound to be there at the finish. I advise every punter who lost over him at Lincoln to back him once more.

Two for Places

Next to Zionist I like Blue Pete, who I understand is "expected." The Cambridgeshire third is a good each-way bet. Finally, there is Ptolemy, the colt who was sent here for the Derby last year and guarded by a squad of detectives. My French correspondent has sent me the following note about Mr. Cohn's champion.

Ptolemy for Newbury

Capt. D. Cohn has hopes of taking the Newbury Spring Cup with Ptolemy II., the notorious "wonder horse" of last year who misfired. Admittedly the horse is lightly-weighted and being reasonably fit he should have little difficulty in scoring. My fear is that the course may not suit him, but connections think otherwise.

Watch the Code Selections

Newbury is the Aga Khan's home course, and I think Zionist will annex the big race for him. Should I have to revise my selection I will resort to the code.

Another Newbury Note

I never miss an opportunity of mentioning the fact that Mr. O. W. Rayner, who usually acts as one of the stewards at Newbury, likes to win at the meeting, and more often than not lands a long shot. He has very few horses in training now but Nanc Snugger and Royal Archer still belong to him. These two have both won at the Berkshire meetings and should be noted if engaged. East trains them.

Two-Year-Olds to Note

A backer who makes money out of two-year-olds has asked me to let him have a list of good youngsters which I noted at Lincoln and Liverpool. Number one is Adopted Filly. This flighty lady failed, but she is better than Flaming Rose, a winner at the meeting hailing from the same stable, Jack Jarvis'. Number two is Preceptor, who was very unlucky to lose the Brocklesby Stakes. I can only advise the following of Nadia from the Liverpool fixture. This one is certain to score for Earl.

Stanley Wootton's Stable

Stanley Wootton usually commences a new season with a series of successes, but he is not yet into his stride. The clever Epsom trainer has over fifty horses in his stable, and if I had to pick one to follow I should select the unbeaten Bulger. This Bridge of Earn colt completed the hat trick last season, and great deeds are expected of him this year. Wootton has not as many jockeys as horses, but he is never likely to be short of a rider or two. He has them at all weights. S. Ingham goes to scale at 8 st. 9 lb., R. Dick 8 st., J. Sirett 6 st. 10 lb., J. Marshall 6 st. 8 lb., J. Caldwell 6 st. 8 lb., Carroll 6 st. 3 lb., Turtle 6 st. 3 lb., and Pat Donoghue 6 st. He has yet to discover a Kitchener. When this lad won the Chester Cup on Red Deer he was set to carry 4 st. His riding weight was 2 st. 12 lb.

Pantera Will Pay His Way

One of my friends who witnessed the trial at Newmarket won by Pantera advises me that this three-year-old of Mr. Joel's has built up into a grand horse, and should never be missed. Pantera, a chestnut colt, by Pommern, is rather a striking-looking animal. The last time I saw him in public was at Hurst Park in the Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes when he ran unplaced to Bella Minna. He showed splendid pace in the early stages of the race, and I made a special note against his name at the time.

E. C. Forsyth, the jockey from South Africa

Another New Jockey

Pantera was ridden in his trial by E. C. Forsyth, one of the crack South African jockeys, who is going to try his luck in this country. Forsyth has been in the saddle over fourteen years, and during that time he has ridden nearly seven hundred winners. He was born in Bonnie Scotland and goes to scale at 7 st. 10 lb.

The Calcutta Sweepstake

The Calcutta Sweepstake is the bane of my life. Every other post brings me a letter or two asking me to obtain tickets, or requesting information how they can be purchased. As I have mentioned before, the Calcutta Turf Club has dispensed with tickets and resorted to numbers. I wish I had a block of a few thousand as I could dispose of them at double their value, but I am not a member of the club and consequently cannot obtain them. They must be obtained through a club member. Failing this method, one or two numbers might be secured through the agency of a friend if he happens to be connected with one of the Indian banks.

Watford—8 to 1

Here is another extract from "The JOHN BULL A.B.C. of Racing," which, by now, should be in the hands of every punter:—"The following horses were well backed by their connections on different occasions in 1925, and the majority may be counted unlucky not to have earned a winning bracket. It is highly probable that many of them may strike a winning vein before the 1926 season is well advanced. Each should be followed on a level stake until a win is registered." I am not going to give a detailed list of the horses mentioned as there are over two dozen, but Watford was accorded a place in the little alphabetical list. Watford, at the first time of asking, won the Nottingham Spring Handicap at the nice price of 8 to 1.

Coram to Stay On in England

Coram has been a disappointment to his connections, but they seriously intend to keep the horse in training in this country, and are hopeful that the handicapper will be more merciful than he has been so far. He had no luck in the Lincoln as he was not ready when the tapes went up, but the race has brought him on a good deal, and he can be followed with confidence from now onward.

Just Accidents

Every year some kind gentlemen mount a tub and discourse on the cruelty of the Grand National. The one point they overlook is the jockeys, but, then, perhaps, they don't count. This year's chapter of accidents and injuries was up to standard. Tommy Morgan fractured his left arm; Hamey, Koko's rider, received concussion; W. Stott, contusion of ribs; Farragher suffered a torn thigh owing to a horse jumping on him, and Mr. P. Dennis and Major Wilson received slight abrasions.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail

A 2 M E R Y J K P I X G Q S

L F U H N B W T Z D 3 V C O

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

ELNZDOK would read HARPIST.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 7, to Tuesday, April 13.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Huddersfield, Blackpool, Darlington, Wrexham, Plymouth, Southend.

5 HOME.—Huddersfield, Tottenham, Port Vale, Southampton, Bristol City.

4 HOME.—Blackburn, Darlington, Wrexham, Millwall.

3 AWAY.—Grimsby, Reading, Glasgow Rangers

3 DRAWS.—Barnsley v. Wolverhampton, Wigan v. Halifax, Cowdenbeath v. Airdrie.

3 HOME 2 AWAY.—Port Vale, Crystal Palace, Plymouth, Swansea, Rochdale.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Huddersfield, Grimsby, Sheffield U. v. Newcastle.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 17.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, Leeds, Leicester, Newcastle, West Ham.

TEN POINTS UP !

The Coded Selection in

The 'Sporting Life' Racing Guide

2d. EVERY SATURDAY 2d.

Worth your while to follow.

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Cardiff.

DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Huddersfield, Liverpool v. Blackburn.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Darlington, Fulham, Oldham, Portsmouth, Preston, Swansea, Sheffield Wednesday.

AWAY WINNER.—Derby.

DRAWS.—Stoke v. Chelsea, Wolverhampton v. Port Vale.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford, Chesterfield, Grimsby, Hartlepool, Rochdale, Rotherham, Tranmere.

AWAY WINNER.—Doncaster.

DRAW.—Durham v. New Brighton.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Gillingham, Luton, Merthyr, Newport, Reading, Swindon.

AWAY WINNERS.—Millwall, Plymouth.

DRAWS.—Bournemouth v. Aberdare, Bristol R. v. Southend, Charlton v. Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Cowdenbeath, Dundee United, Falkirk, Queen's Park.

AWAY WINNERS.—Hearts, Celtic.

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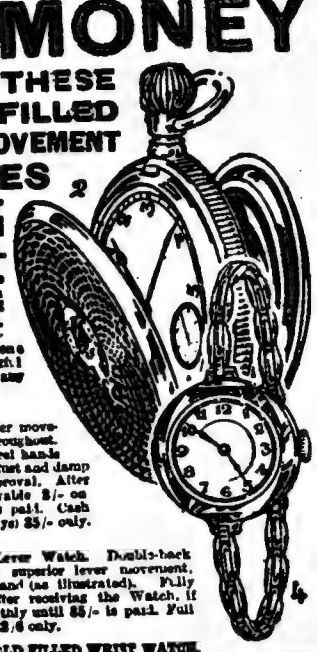

Any of these handsome watches advertised will be sent to responsible readers on receipt of the Coupon below (or copy) on ABSOLUTELY FREE APPROVAL. After receipt you send us 2/- only, the balance is then payable by small monthly instalments within everyone's means. Only one article can be supplied on these truly wonderful terms, and we reserve the right to refuse any orders. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

1. GOLD FILLED HALF HUNTER. (as illustrated), high quality 10-jewelled lever movement. Finest springs and materials throughout. Five gold medals. Clear white dial, pen steel hands and seconds hand, bevelled crystal glass, dust and damp proof. Fully warranted. Sent upon free approval. After receiving watch, if satisfied balance is payable 2/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until only £7/6 is paid. Cash with order price (or balance within seven days) 35/- only.

2. GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER. Full-size Gent.'s high-grade 10-Jewelled Lever Watch. Double-back case with handsome engine-turned design, superior lever movement, bold dial, pen steel hands and seconds hand (as illustrated). Fully Warranted. Sent on Free Approval. After receiving the Watch, if satisfied, send 2/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until 35/- is paid. Full cash with order (or balance within 7 days), 33/6 only.

3. GOLD FILLED OPEN FACE WATCH. Full-size Gent.'s high-grade 10-Jewelled Lever Watch. Double-back case with handsome engine-turned design, superior lever movement, bold dial, pen steel hands and seconds hand (as illustrated). Fully Warranted. Sent on Free Approval. After receiving the Watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 2/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until 32/6 is paid. Full cash with order (or balance within 7 days), 29/- only.

4. LADIES' GOLD FILLED WRIST WATCH. Ladies neat and dainty Gold-Filled Wrist Watch, complete as illustrated, with expanding bracelet of choice design. Highest grade and perfectly finished movement. Splendid timekeeper, fully guaranteed. Sent on FREE approval. After receipt send 2/-, the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 3/- each until 25/- only is paid. Cash with order price (or within 7 days) 22/6.

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Goods CANNOT be supplied to persons under 21 without a guarantee by a Householder.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

THERE are many cunning schemers about whose business it is to find unsuspicious people as a ready prey for artful devices. Fortunately, there is always a way out of their hands, even when they seem successful.

Their clever schemes have, however, to be met by even cleverer methods, and these are pointed out by our Free Advice Service if particulars, with stamped envelope, are sent.

Miss A. (Turnham Green).—"I'm sure men don't like chatty women so well as the others." What others?

T. D. (Hayes).—"We had a cold March." We had a March cold.

B. N. (Stoke).—"There is no rest for the wicked." And sometimes no arrest.

F. J. (Golders Green).—"Where do you think I was ten years ago?" In 1916.

G. M. (Hampstead).—"I'm a good angler." Is that why you dropped us a line?

F. B. T. (Totnes).—"The League of Nations has some hard nuts to crack." Brazils?

G. E. (Shoreditch).—"As a last resource I must sell my bike." That should put you on your feet.

T. M. (Charlton).—"I can't stop work." No? Then we suppose it'll have to go on until somebody can.

W. S. (Hampstead).—"I just caught the train as it was moving." That took a big wait off your mind.

L. B. (Stowe).—"It is unhealthy to lick the gummed side of a stamp." And quite useless to lick the other side.

H. P. (Mimms).—"The road of life is strewn with pitfalls." But it's better to chance them than get stuck in a rut.

G. B. (Newcastle).—"My five-year-old son is a future Cabinet Minister." Then don't waste money on his education.

E. S. (Tooting).—"Silk stockings make a woman look taller." And a man look longer. And her husband feel shorter.

C. P. (Iver).—"I intend to buy some cups and saucers on the C.O.D. system." We trust they won't Crash On Delivery.

N. M (Bermondsey).—"A man is as young as he feels." And a woman as young as she feels people will believe her to be.

C. M. (Cromer).—"I slipped on the stair and fell on my head, but was not hurt a bit." You were lucky to land on something soft.

J. B. (Iver).—"You must admit that my arguments are very weighty." They are. You should have heard the postman pant.

P. B. (Caterham).—"Jazz is a raucous, nauseating, horrible, terrifying, savage and unnecessary noise." There seems to be something about it you don't quite like.

P. L. (Dinard).—"The weather has been so warm here that guests at the hotel are eating their meals out of doors." The waiters' palms must be getting quite sunburnt.

Mrs. F. (Highgate).—"When I was a girl, young women were taught to consider a tiny waist beautiful." Yes, they had a lot of straitlaced ideas in those days, hadn't they?

Mrs. V. (Gerrard's Cross).—"Girls nowadays seem prouder of wearing cheap jewellery than of being able to make a decent pudding." Interested in the wrong kind of paste, you think?

W. N. (Bristol).—"My wife, instead of sharing my interest in the shipping, seemed to care for nothing but the shops." Perhaps, like yourself, she can't resist the attraction of the great white sales.

G. N. (Highgate).—"Of what do we eat too much?" We can only think of food.

L. D. (Nuneaton).—"I love to sit in a cinema." Whilst others sit to love there!

G. J. (W. 1).—"Why should we pay duty on watches?" It's one of the Customs of the country.

J. M. (Surbiton).—"Why you don't use my article, I have no idea." That's the reason.

L. T. (Hoxton).—"A fair way would be to amicably split the difference." But not the infinitive.

L. P. (Dunedin).—"I accepted him the first time he proposed." How do you know it was the first time?

G. N. (Minffordd Penrhyndeudraeth).—"A local postman walked 168,324 miles." We don't blame him.

A. L. (Luton).—"Has cremation any advantages?" It would certainly help to take one's mind off the Budget.

B. A. (Kensington).—"It is really funny the way some people murder the King's English." Yes, it's simply killing, isn't it?

B. M. (Wigan).—"I expect my letter is an eye-opener to you." We're afraid it was inclined to have the reverse effect.

Muriel (Hatfield).—"I believe in the old saying, 'Kiss and make up.'" We suppose a kiss does remove a little of the powder.

T. H. (Chorley).—"For three weeks she has attended a beauty doctor to get her weight reduced." She should have lost £'s by now.

N. R. (London, N.W.).—"I want a room where I can practise the saxophone undisturbed." You don't want a room. You want a 40-acre paddock.

A. C. (Portslade).—"There are very few men in the world who dare face lifelong unpopularity." Nonsense—isn't there a tax-collector in every district?

Dorrie S. (Newport).—"I have quarrelled with my boy, and though I tried every means to win him back he just passes me with a frigid stare." Have you tried him with melting glances?

T. F. (Hendon).—"A large magnet that picks up all stray scraps of metal has been suggested as a new instrument for cleaning roads." Then it will no longer be safe to leave our two-seater outside.

E. T. (St. Albans).—"Cash on delivery would be better if the postman also delivered the cash." Well, the postman is going to deliver a £300 cheque to some *Bullets* competitor this week. Why not you?

Do you know Rice and Selina?

GILBERT WILKINSON'S joyous kiddies appear each week in "The Passing Show"—Britain's Brightest Weekly—and if you haven't met them you should lose no time in getting acquainted.

"A.G.G.," Ashley Sterne, Bruce Bairnsfather, A. A. Thomson, and Will Scott are other notable contributors to the current issue.

"THE PASSING SHOW."
On Sale Everywhere. Price 2d.

B. M. (Hendon).—"Bad jazz is rapidly dying." And evidently in dreadful pain.

Mrs. F. (Shipley).—"We had a mind-reader staying with us." He must have had a dull time.

H. F. (Chorley).—"Irishmen should get together." It used to be hard to keep them apart.

Amateur Scientist (Ely).—"Is it hard to make a vacuum?" There's really nothing in it.

Elsie (Banbury).—"Man is a failure." And yet you are now claiming equality with him!

L. N. (Harlesden).—"Never borrow trouble." Nor money, or trouble will come of its own accord.

Mrs. M. (Derby).—"My son has gone out to America, sugar planting." Then he'll be raising cane.

H. N. (London, N.W.).—"Schoolchildren should be taught how the telephone works." And when.

F. L. (Ealing).—"What a large number of books are published every year!" And they are all bound to sell.

L. N. (Cheapside).—"A house with a vacant top storey flat would suit me." Yes; it seems very appropriate.

C. L. (Winchester).—"It is not often one gets thirteen bottles for the price of twelve." No, that's an unusual case.

C. L. (Waterford).—"Do you know how I became a humorous writer?" No. And we can't think why, either.

P. N. (Putney).—"I missed the Boat Race this year." In spite of this we understand that it won't be held until next year.

Ethel G. (Clapton).—"Kissing is very silly, when all is said." Perhaps; but it usually starts a long while before that.

J. M. (Kingston).—"Poets must always suffer before they write pathetic odes." This is a tremendous consolation to us.

B. B. (York).—"He'd give me the job, only he wants a married man." Then marry; it's a lot easier to find a wife than a job.

T. B. T. (Wayton).—"I went to the telephone and got through to him in five seconds." All the wrong numbers must have been engaged.

K. B. (Iver).—"Women are keen bargain-hunters." But when buying skirts they are satisfied with the least they can get for their money.

Nellie S. (Golders Green).—"Do you think a good music teacher would make anything out of my voice?" From half-a-guinea to a guinea an hour.

T. A. (Eastbourne).—"One day I'll call in at your office and take you out. I'm a bit of a dog once I get going." So long as you're going we don't mind.

B. G. C. (Hornsey).—"I always have a grateful feeling when I see the trees budding again." As the man says in *Hamlet*, "For this re-leaf, much thanks."

J. F. P. (Dover).—"The clairvoyant told me I should become quite a big man later on." So you'd better begin taking plenty of exercise while there's yet time

P. G. F. (Harlow).—"I went for the chap who hit me with a stone, but he was a bit bigger, and got the best of it." So he was able to give you a stone and a beating.

Mrs. D. (Lancaster).—"Will the big London shops let you try on the dresses in the windows?" Decency prompts them to prefer a dressing-room for the purpose.

C. Y. (Sutton).—"The bakers must have made more money than ever this year out of hot-cross buns" Yes, and with very little addition to their currant expenses.

K. R. F. (Stockwell).—"I had to refuse an invitation because my only decent suit was being renovated." And so you excused yourself on the plea of pressing business?

C. H. (Felpham).—"When the really warm weather comes, I mean to try sleeping in the garden." You'll be lucky if you succeed in finding a really comfortable bed there.

R. L. (Battle).—"My son, unfortunately, shows no special ability for anything—what shall I do with him?" Let him take up aviation—he may become quite a flier at that.

A. M. C. (Penge).—"Why should a short man have to pay as much for a suit of clothes as a tall one?" Because the tailors don't take account of the material difference between the two.

B. R. (Aldershot).—"I was discharged from the Army because I had double vision." They evidently felt it wasn't fair to let you run the risk of continually seeing two sergeant-majors.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

Stomach Trouble & Nerves

Nervous trouble associated with indigestion quickly disappears if you take Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. C. F. Locke.

Mr. C. F. Locke, of 113, Sternoway Road, Southend-on-Sea, writes: "My wife and I, through worry, are both neurasthenic and we find Dr. Cassell's Tablets the only thing that will keep us fit. We have tried every kind of nerve restorative, but we use nothing but Dr. Cassell's now. Words cannot express our praise of them."

In a later letter, dated March 19th, 1926, Mr. Locke says: "The enormous good we obtain from the tablets is wonderful, and we take pleasure in giving them the recommendation they honestly deserve. Their action is marvellous. They brace me up and give me tireless energy. Can you wonder that my wife and I never stop chanting their tremendous value?"

When the nerves fail to function properly, indigestion is almost certain to ensue, and what is needed then is real nerve nutriment. Dr. Cassell's Tablets contain in an easily assimilable form every element needed to bring the nervous system to perfect health. There is no sudden stimulation with subsequent collapse after the effect has worn off, but steady restoration of the digestive organs and natural building up of the nerve tissues. Thousands have gained lasting benefit from this splendid medicine.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

For all life's little ills.

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Price 1/3 per box

Nervous Breakdown	Neuritis	Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Children's Weakness	Anæmia	Wasting	Neurasthenia
Kidney Weakness	Headache	Palpitation	Nerve Pains

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

Nervous dyspepsia is a disease of the nerves rather than of the stomach. The attacks recur at more or less regular intervals,and are often brought on by worry, anxiety, or some form of nervous excitement. A sick feeling after eating, acidity, sometimes vomiting, a weak, shaky, " gone " feeling when the stomach is empty—these are the usual symptoms. In many cases after a meal there is a sensation of a heavy lump in the stomach.

The one remedy for nervous dyspepsia is Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills not only build up the general physical condition, but also act on the nerves, strengthening and revitalising them. From long experience it can be confidently stated that Dr. Williams' pink pills afford the most correct and successful way of treating nervous and functional dyspepsia.

If you are a sufferer from any of the symptoms described above, begin a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day, and see how soon you will be able to eat your food without suffering torture afterwards. Of all chemists 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE.—Every dyspeptic should read the booklet, " The Nerves and Their Needs," sent free to all who write to C. G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

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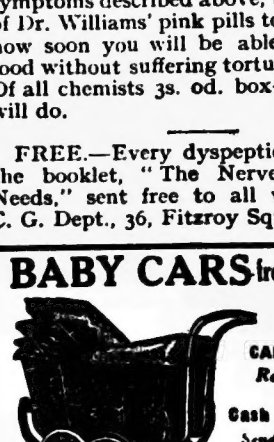

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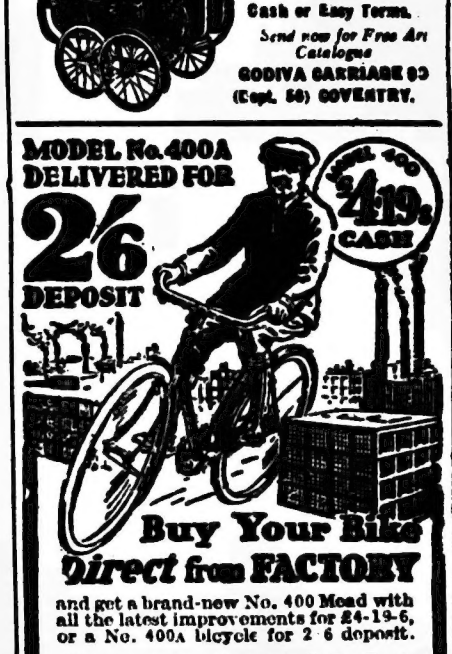

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A JOB FOR EVERYBODY

Many Hands Make Light Hearts

IT has often been said that everybody's business is nobody's business. It is eminently so in connection with the relief of destitution. Some boards of guardians are notably generous in their treatment of the deserving poor. In the London area, indeed, the extravagance of some of these bodies has become almost a byword.

It is not so everywhere, however. In many rural districts relief is administered with a parsimony that is nothing short of a scandal.

It is useless for those whose experience of the administration of poor relief is confined to generously disposed boards of guardians in London and other great cities to claim that there is no need for individual effort in the way of unofficial organisations of relief.

The suffering through poverty throughout the country is intense, and there is a very urgent call upon everyone who is charitably disposed to come to the rescue of those who have been worsted in the struggle for existence and are in danger of sinking at last into paupers' graves, about the only thing which they cannot be denied.

Those of the million and more readers of JOHN BULL who are in comfortable circumstances could accomplish a wonderful work if they would regard the relief of distress through the " Greatest of These—" Fund as a personal matter and make it their business to send regularly each week a trifle to help those who are less fortunate than themselves.

Those who do so now often tell us of the satisfaction they derive from knowing that their contributions have eased the suffering that abounds.

Make a resolution to-day that you will not allow a week to go by without sending a small subscription to the fund if you have any money to spend on your own amusement after you have paid your normal expenses.

Every penny sent will be devoted to the relief of destitution without any deduction whatever for expenses.

" The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to " The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. A. (Bristol), 6d.; J. George (Swansea), 2s. 6d.; M. B, 5s. 2s.; H. B. Cooper (Gretna), 2s.; Talken Hunt, 10s.; From 15 per cent.. to " Dear Daily Bread," 2s.; Mrs. L. Needham, 1s.; W. F. S., 2s. 6d.; " Gracie " (Bradford), 1s.; Cardiff Reader, £2 2s.; Self-Denial, £1; Mr. Arthur James, 1s.; " One Ninth for Luck," 6d.; R. B., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Bevell, 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Chilbolton, 2s. 6d.; Ex-Subaltern, R.N. (a Ninth), 10½d.; Commission 9th, 10s.; The Widow's Mite, 2s. 6d.; " One of Em," 1s.; Dorcas, 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. K. (Oxford), 4s.; " Grateful " (Scarborough), 2s. 6d.; " Poor Old Bed " (Greenwich), 1s.; " Greetland," 1s.; E. B. (Bolton), 6d.; " A Lucky Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; " Grateful Heart," 2s.; J. N. Stephen (Montrose), 11d.; Jules C., 1 franc; A. A. Lake, 2s.; Mrs. A. Nicholls (West Drayton), 2s.; J. E. (Walthamstow), £1; J. N., " On the Ninth," 9d.; " Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; H. G. (Lincoln), 2s. 6d.; S. Lay, 9d.; " Melton Mowbray," 2s.; G. T. Brown, 1s.; J. W. Measle, 2s. 6d.; " Yoxol," 1s.; " A Ninth on the Ninth," 2s. 3½d.; " Signers," 1s.; " Plum-up," 7s.; H. Bloodworth, 1s.; L. V., 6d.; Bussy, 1s. 6d.; " Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; G. T. Jones (Birkenhead), 5s.; Blacksmith, 1s. 6d.; G. R. Blunt, 2s. 3d.; " M. A. C.," 2s. 6d.; Self-Denial, 1s.; " Willing," 2s.; Elsie Hart, 1s.; A. B., " In Memory of a Daughter," 2s.; " A Ninth from a Miner's Wife," 4d.; Ex-R.E., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; " Bars " (Lerwick), 3s.; E. E. Jones, 2s. 6d.; Thomas Paton, 2s.; J. Brunack (Workington), 1s. 6d.; Frank Nicholls (Western Australia), £1; Parcels of clothes from Vernon (Battersea); " On to the 2nd Million "; Mrs Chew (Aylesbury); M George (Wandsworth).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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GERMOLENE ANTISEPTIC SOAP. is unrivalled for cleansing, soothing, and protecting the tender skins of infants. Mothers who know the value of Germolene will be eager to complete the treatment by employing this luxurious preparation. Of all Chemists, 1/- per tablet.

Have the ideal first-aid dressing ready for every emergency. Germolene soothes and heals.

Mrs. Ridley, of 13, Garden Lane, South Shields, writes as follows: " My little boy was severely burnt on the chest, and the various things I tried were of no use. However, the first application of Germolene gave him ease, and after dressing the place for three days it began to clear up and new skin commenced to grow. A week later he was able to get up, and now he is quite cured. Germolene proved equally beneficial to my neighbour's husband, who badly scalded his arm. He is a sailor and always goes to sea with a tin of Germolene—he has such faith in it."

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Use Germolene for

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The Aseptic Skin Dressing

THIN MEN AND WOMEN CAN PUT ON FLESH,

increase strength, endurance, vitality, and greatly improve their health by building up their nerves and enriching their blood. Unquestionably one of the best things for this purpose is the great French discovery known to our chemists as Blood-Iron Phosphate. People who have tried it say that one five-grain tablet taken with each meal quickly restores depleted nervous energy, enriches the blood, increases strength, vitality, and endurance, and those who are too thin usually put on pounds of solid, permanent flesh in a short time. Since Blood-Iron Phosphate is sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back, every thin, weak, nervous, or anæmic man or woman should give it a trial without delay.

IMPORTANT.—Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is remarkably effective in increasing strength, vitality, and nervous energy, it should not be used by people who object to putting on flesh.

ONLY LAXATIVE FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

Most stomach sufferers need a laxative, but few realise that for them ordinary aperients are not suitable, being either too drastic or having some adverse effect upon the already weakened stomach. To those who are so troubled Bisuroids are specially recommended; they are the only laxative stomach sufferers should ever take. Bisuroids cleanse the eliminating organs of all poisonous wastes quickly, painlessly, and restore healthy bowel activity without becoming absorbed into the system, so avoiding forming any dangerous habit or having any lowering effect. There is no better remedy for constipation than Bisuroids, and those who would avoid its dangers, especially when accompanied by stomach disorders, should get a package from the nearest chemist without delay. For the small sum of 1s. 3d. much suffering and many minor ailments can be avoided, to say nothing of the uplifting effect they will have upon the general health.

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FIRST PRIZE OF £300:
Mr. L. T. OLIVER, 30, Augusta Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Example:—LAW OF THE LAND
Bullet:—"UMBRELLA" OR "BIG STICK."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. W. RICHARDS, 61, Trent Road, Nottingham.
Example:—MINER'S WIFE
Bullet:—FEARS FIRE-DAMP—AND FIREBRAND.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. F. J. GREWCOCK, Petworth, Louth.
Example:—BRIGHTER OUTLOOK
Bullet:—TURNING POSTMAN INTO "MIDDLEMAN."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:
Mr. D. G. THOMAS, 4, Woodlands, Treorchy, Merthyr Tydfil.
Example:—VILLAGE BAND
Bullet:—WATCHING COLLECTOR—NOT MUSIC.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:
Mrs. J. PRICE, 61, Meeting House Lane, London, S.E.
Example:—WHAT THE BUTCHER SAID.
Bullet:—"CANTERBURY"—INSPECTOR, MERELY "BURY!"

5 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

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J. LEE, 24, Barbourne Road, Worcester. SAID ABOUT HER—"MOVES IN BEST *Triangles*."
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W. E. COLE, 29, May Street, West Kensington. WITHOUT A LICENCE—EVERYONE CAN "BROADCAST" KINDNESS.
S. C. EADES, 144, Cheltenham Road, Bristol. BRIGHTER OUTLOOK—"TRY OUR WEIGHT, SIR!"
W. E. FITZJOHN, 4, Nicholas Street, Shoreditch. SEEN ON THE ROAD—RISKY ASSUMING YOU ARE.
W. T. FOWLER, 37, Shingrig Road, Nelson, Cardiff. MINER'S WIFE—EXPECTING FOOTSTEP—DREADING WHEELS.
J. HOLMES, 46, Halifax Road, Cullingworth, Bradford. WITHOUT A LICENCE—TO ENDORSE, RECKLESS CYCLIST.
E. E. JONES, P.O., Heath Hayes, Stafford. WHAT IS A PENSION?—COUNTRY'S GRATITUDE—OR BRIBE.
G. LAWES, 113, South Harbour Street, Ayr, N.B. WINNING CREW—"CRACKS" WHO DIDN'T CRACK.
R. LESLIE, 55, Dennison Av., Withington, Manchester. SEEN ON THE ROAD—UNDECIDED PEDESTRIAN, DECIDED NUISANCE.

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J. POTTER, 58, Larkhill Road, Stockport. LAW OF THE LAND—AWKWARD—SO MUSSOLINI ALTERS.
W. TAYLOR, 244, Walshaw Road, Bury, Lancs. UNNECESSARY—PEACE—AFTER NEXT WAR.
Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 18, Bronallt Terrace, Abercwmboi. BRIGHTER OUTLOOK—COOK'S ACCEPTED AN APOLOGY.

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V. Allen, "Dentonville," Windsor Av., Yarmouth.
D. Anderson (Patient), Boro' Hospital, Hyde, Ches.
E. M. Anderson, 120, Lodge Rd., Maidstone, Kent.
T. Arnold, 10, Bright Cres., Kettlebrook, Tamworth.
S. Ashton, 54, Catterick Rd., Didsbury, M/c.
N. Asquith, 9, Oddfellows St., Scholes, Cleckheaton.
C. Atkinson, 26, Rydal St., West Hartlepool.
A. L. Barker, 5, Brighton Terr., Hall St., Hull.
L. Barlow, 140, Higher Green, Astley, nr. M/c.
A. Barraclough, 60, Morpeth St., Hull.
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H. Bellamy, 49, Charlesworth St., Chesterfield.
Miss M. Benson, 21, Hurtley St., Burnley, Lancs.
W. Blake, 73, Newark St., Greenock, N.B.
Miss Bradbury, The Peacock, London Rd., Peterboro'.
W. H. Braham, Baumber, Horncastle, Lincs.
R. Burton, 42, Parchmore Rd., Thornton Heath.
J. Cahill, 54, Westgate Rd., Barrow-in-Furness.
F. Chaffey, 47, Rye Terr., Hexham, North'l'd.
A. H. Crippen, 115a, Anerley Rd., London, S.E.
W. H. Cosway, 29, Meadow St., Weston-super-Mare.
Mrs. G. Dale, 66, Beacon Hill Rd., Newark.
H. J. Davis, 22, George Rd., West Bridgford.
Mrs. McDonald, c/o Hunter, Kitchener St., Walshaw.
W. Duncan, 69, Loudoun St., Mauchline, Ayrshire.
Mrs. W. Dunstan, 80, Somerset Rd., Bolton, Lancs.
W. G. East, 203, Cross Rd., Coventry.
A. Elliott, 39, Litchfield Gdns., Willesden Green.

(Continued on page 4.)

Bullets' Big Ten!!

2nd. Prize £100 — FIRST PRIZE £300 — 3rd. Prize £50

4th Prize £30 — 5th Prize £20

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10 PRIZES OF £2-10
5 Prizes of £10
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EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 598.

CASH ON DELIVERY
LOCARNO SPIRIT
SURE TO SUCCEED
MAKING HISTORY
A BIG SLICE
THE CUP
SHE WONDERS WHY
SILENT SERVICE
SAID TO THE BOOKIE
FAIR PROFIT
MAKES BABY LAUGH
NEW HOME
WHAT THE SLACKER SAID
WELL REWARDED
IN A RUT
MAKES TIME FLY
A HASH
GETTING MIXED
TAUGHT ME SOMETHING
SLOWLY
JUST LIKE HER
IN ADVANCE
DRIVES ME MAD
CRITICAL TIME
WASTED
HE FORGOT
BURIED TREASURE
OUR RIGHT
MY SHARE
SURPRISING
A WONDER
WHAT IS JUSTICE?

BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 598 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any *two*, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—WHEN THINGS GO WRONG — Bullet:—SING—DON'T "MAKE SONG."
Example:—NIGHT LIFE — Bullet:—SUITS PUSSY—UPSETS PUSSY FOOT.
Example:—1926 — Bullet:—GOVERNMENT COULDN'T POSTPONE *That*.

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PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

Yes can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(598) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(598) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two Three or four Words

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(598) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(598) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 595 can now be seen in the window of Mr. J. R. Morgan, 8a, Chorley Road, Westhoughton, Nr. Wigan.

ENORMOUS 'BULLETS' PRIZE COMING!

me

lashday

my wife can't say too much for Rinso

"Of course, she praises it from a practical point of view—how beautifully it washes the clothes, and all that.

"I'm all for clean clothes, too, but I look at it from a slightly different angle. What I want is a fresh, happy-looking wife on a Monday evening. And that's what Rinso gives me.

"Upon my word, I don't understand how any man can bear to see his wife struggling with old methods, and aging in the process, when Rinso is available."

Rinso

Takes a load of washing off your hands and a load off your mind

S.S. 5/26-100

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